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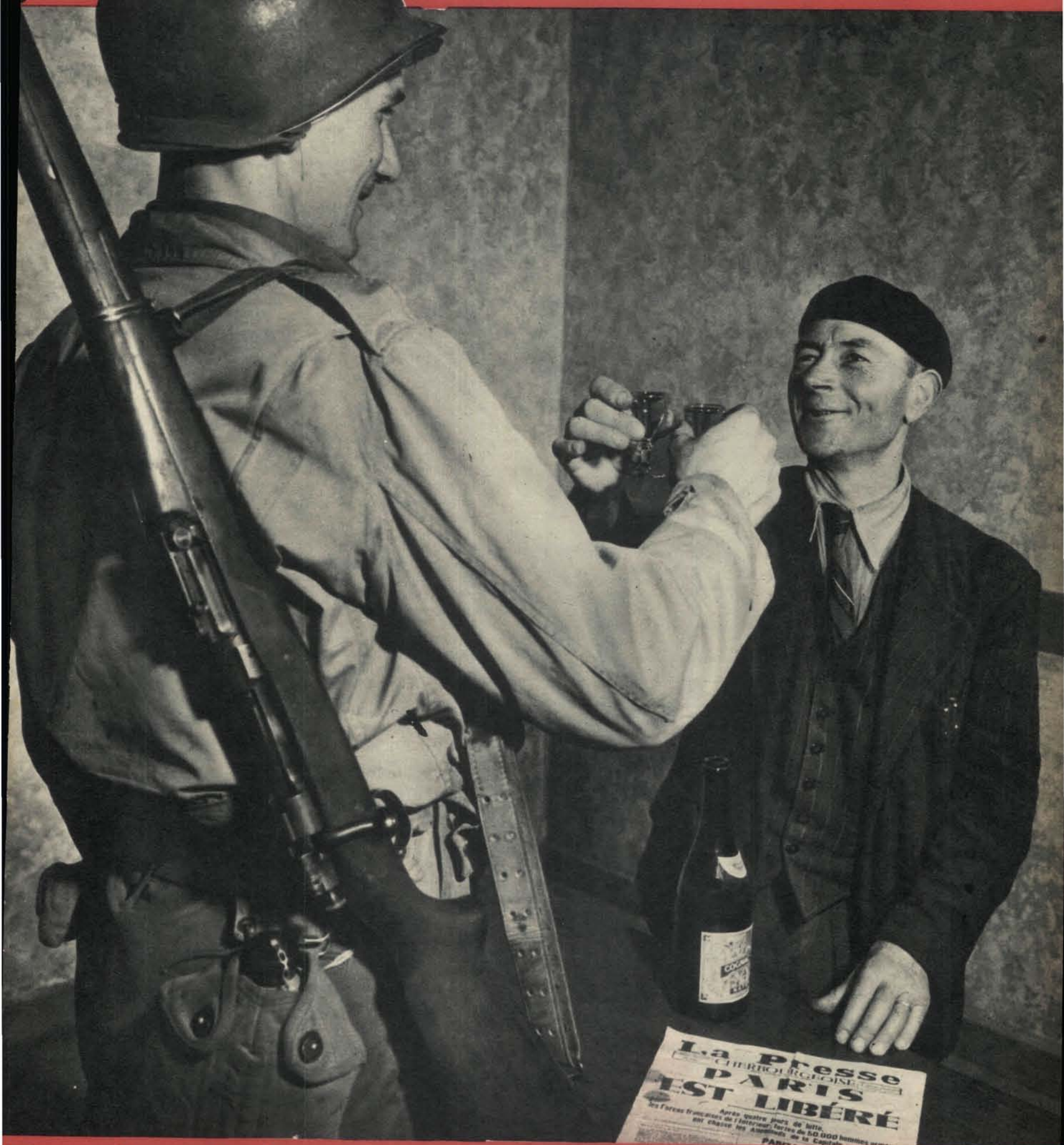
By the men . . . for the men in the service



Details of the Army's Plan for Demobilization

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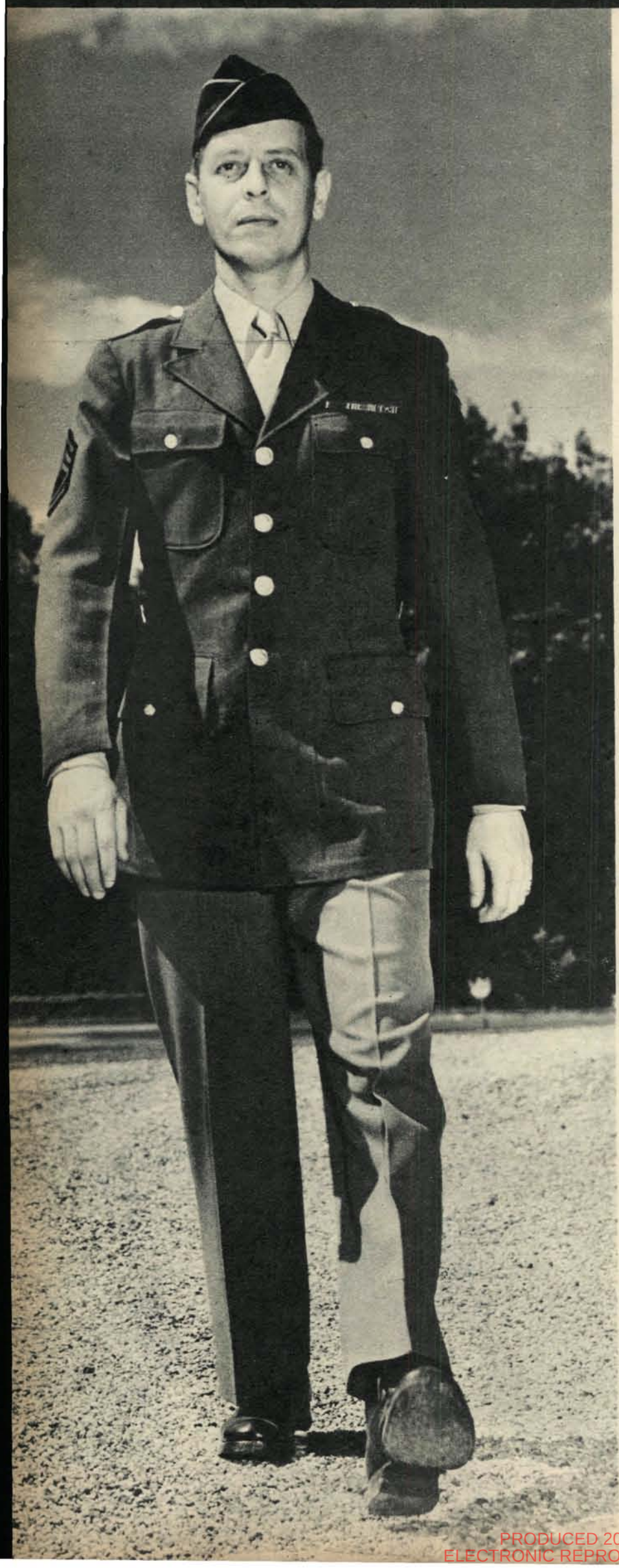
Announcing that some GIs will be released after Germany falls, the Army says first discharges will go to fathers and men with the longest service and the most combat duty.



By Pfc. IRA H. FREEMAN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Demobilization is all set to go. X Day, that is the day German resistance ends, has been officially designated as the starting gun. So it is possible that by the time some GIs in outlying bases read this story, the process of discharging surplus soldiers and sending them home may actually have begun.

We've done so much better against Hitler than the War Department allowed itself to hope that we are able to cut down the size of the Army now, even though the war isn't over yet. The good news today is that not everybody will have to stay in for what we are all signed up for: the duration plus six.

Incidentally, although the WD has never officially defined "duration," it is reliably reported to mean the date of the signing of the peace treaties, not an armistice.

The exact number of guys to be discharged from the Army after the fall of Germany cannot be published yet. But Secretary of War Stimson has announced that as soon as possible after X Day, the Army will begin "separating from the service" 2 percent a month. And Col. Francis V. Keesling Jr., legislative representative of the Selective Service, recently reported to Congress that the Army was "at least" up to its full strength of 7,700,000. So, if the Army is not overstrength, the monthly releases will total 154,000.

The Associated Press estimated that as many as 200,000 monthly would be discharged between the fall of Germany and the surrender of Japan, while "after Japan's fall an exodus of 500,000 to 600,000 a month is expected." Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, director of the Selective Service, gave his personal guess a short while ago that after the defeat of Hitler the Army should be able to spare "one to two millions" and still be able to lick Japan.

All these current "separations," either by discharge or transfer into the inactive reserve, which amounts to almost the same thing as discharge, are scheduled to take place during what the WD calls "Period One"—that is, between the defeat of Germany and the defeat of Japan. The Pentagon will not say how long Period One is anticipated to last. The best unofficial guess is one year, but we may do better than that.

The top brass in the War Department warns that the demobilization will be gradual and slow. A huge war machine is being built up for a terrific smash at the Japs. We shall have to occupy most of Europe and part of Africa until we are sure the enemy is really licked, not just withdrawn from action for a while. And lastly, we just don't have the shipping to do everything at once.

The War Department emphasizes "that the rate of return of surplus men from overseas will depend upon the number of ships available. The majority of ships proceeding to Europe will continue on to the Pacific laden with troops and supplies for that distant campaign. The Army, therefore, will not be able to return all surplus men to the United States immediately. It may take months."

After the last World War, not everybody was discharged for more than three years after the Armistice.

This partial demobilization applies only to the Army. There will be no discharges, except for disability and the other usual special causes, from the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard for some time to come. And drafting of civilians between 18 and 26 will go on; one press estimate put the rate at 50,000 a month, principally for the Navy.

After the first World War, the Army was disbanded by units and divisions, mostly in New York City. Outfits nearest the city were demobilized first. Now the Army thinks the fairest method of selecting men to be let out should rest on an individual, rather than a unit, basis.

Briefly, the separation plan is this: men surplus to the needs of each overseas theater and to the continental United States will be assembled in the States. Some of these men will be designated as still essential to our military purposes and reassigned to duty; the rest will be declared nonessential and mustered out.

To determine priority in getting discharged, the Army has set up a kind of Selective Service in reverse. Each man will be graded on his individual "essentiality" to the war effort, which still goes on, remember. After that he will be graded on points according to length of service, overseas service, decorations and how many children under 18 he has.

The surplus nonessential men with the most points get out first.

The Point System

HERE'S how the point system works:

Very soon each enlisted man and woman will fill out an Adjusted Service Rating Card.

A GI will get points for each month he has been in the Army between Sept. 16, 1940, when Selective Service went into effect, and the date when German resistance ended. If there is no formal German surrender or signed armistice, the War Department will simply designate a date as of

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Plan for

which Nazi resistance will be arbitrarily declared to have ceased.

The soldier will get additional points for each month he has served overseas up to X Day. Overseas service means duty anywhere outside the States, any place you get an overseas ribbon for. Overseas service began the day you left a POE and ended the day you arrived back in a port in the States. If the number of months does not come out even, a man gets credit for a whole extra month for 15 days or more left over.

Any time spent in confinement as a result of court martial is out, deducted from credit.

Regular Army EM count credit for service just like drafted men.

A soldier gets points for every campaign star on his overseas ribbon and additional credit for each of the following nine decorations only: Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldiers' Medal, Bronze Star, Air Medal and Purple Heart. If you have the same medal more than once, you get extra points for each Oak Leaf Cluster.

Lastly, fathers get points for each child under 18, but for no more than three kids, no matter how big the family is. It does not matter how young the kids are. Don't get this confused with any of the post- and pre-Pearl Harbor babies business the draft board used to make such a fuss about.

The point values are to be announced by the WD right after X Day. Some reporters already have printed what they think the points are going to be. Drew Pearson, syndicated Washington columnist, for example, said combat decorations and children would carry the most points.

The War Department will collect all the Adjusted Service Rating scores in Washington and decide what minimum point credit will qualify a soldier for consideration in getting out. There will be one figure for the Air Forces, another figure for the Ground and Service Forces combined, and a third figure for the WAC.

Notice, you get no points for a wife or dependents other than children. Your age is no factor in the point system. Last summer, it is true, some men over 38 were discharged to enter essential industry. Every latrine in the Army has been abuzz lately with hot rumors that some such business is going to be revived soon. It is not impossible, but Washington says nothing definite and official about that—yet.

The fact that you worked in a war industry before induction, or have an essential job waiting for you, will have no bearing on your discharge at this time. A very few highly skilled specialized workers—certain rubber-tire factory employees, for example—are being released from the Army to break up some bad bottlenecks in production at home. But such separations are special and have no relation to the point system.

It goes without saying that no matter what scheme the War Department hit upon, it would be TS for somebody. Somebody has got to move in to the Pacific to finish off the Japs and the war. Somebody has got to stay behind to police the occupied countries of Europe for a while to make sure our victory sticks.

Judging by field surveys of enlisted men's opinion throughout the world and their letters to YANK and other Army publications, GIs themselves seem to agree that a point system such as the WD has established, giving the breaks to men with combat service and fathers of young children, is the fairest demobilization plan.

Don't forget that military necessity always comes first and overrules every other consideration. Military necessity in the minds of the General Staff means primarily to lick the Japs, secondly to police liberated territory properly by an Army of Occupation and thirdly to maintain in the States adequate strategic reserves and replacements for men now overseas.

After that, and only after that, the Army intends to demobilize every surplus man and officer and Wac as soon as possible. However, no GI will be surprised, considering that the movement of millions of men is involved, if a certain amount of snafu delays things, maybe for months.

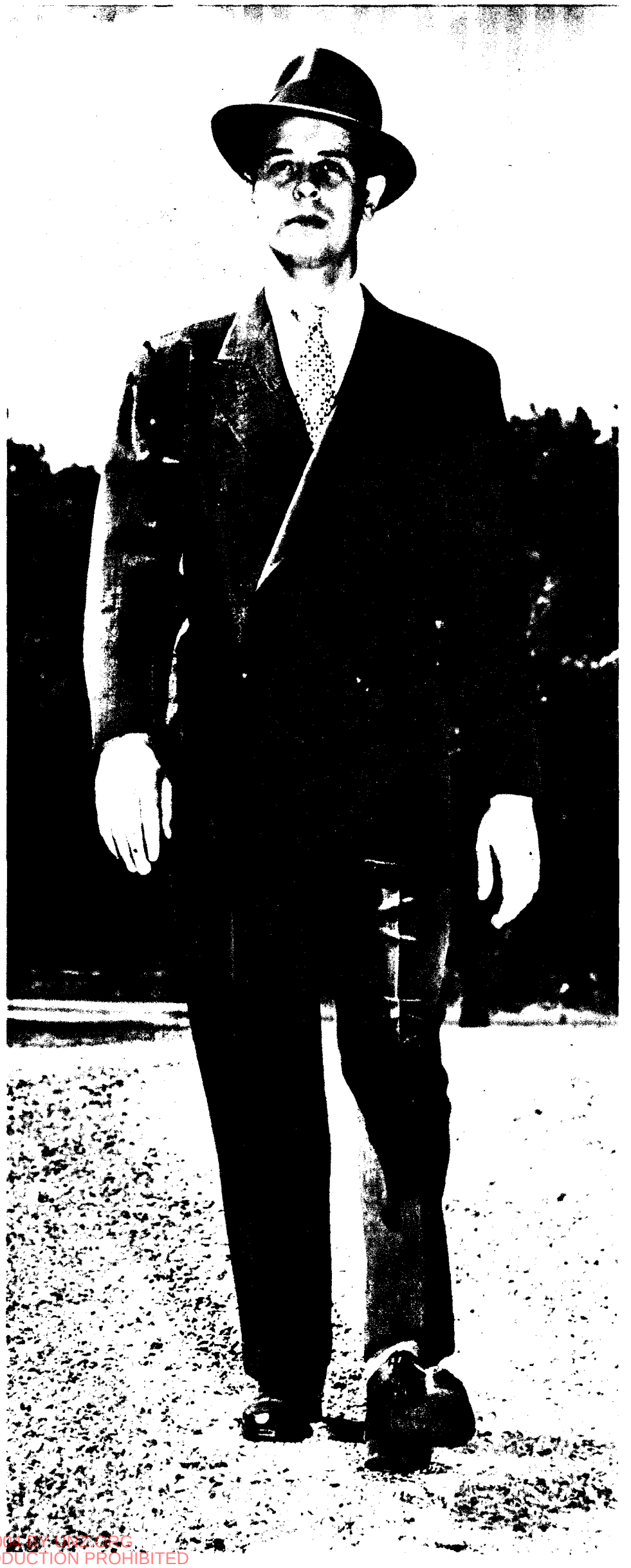
AAF, ASF, AGF Share Separations

By the end of Period One, the Army plans to have released men in approximately equal proportions from each of the Army's three major forces: AAF, ASF, AGF. But they cannot be released at the same rate.

At first, releases will be slow from the Air and Service Forces. Just as in Europe, the Service Forces will move in to the Pacific first to set up the bases from which the attack against the Japs is to be launched. ASF will have to be kept at full strength for some months to string the tremendously long lines of supply between home front and fighting front. Then the planes, by nature an advance element, will be able to step up their pounding of the Japs.

Separations will be quickest from the Ground Forces, largest of the three branches. While ground operations against the Japanese will be huge, many times greater than before, the surrender of Germany will give us more than enough ground troops for the Pacific campaigns.

Afterward separations from the Air and Service Forces will be speeded



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up so as to get the desired quotas out of uniform before the deadline for Period One.

The bulk of the Air Forces combat groups and supporting ground units will begin to ship at once from all over the world to the Pacific. When this relocation is substantially complete, veterans in the Air Forces will be let out as they can be replaced by new trainees, and by transfers from the Ground Forces.

This means, as a matter of fact, replacement mostly for ground crew men in the Air Forces—and slow replacement at that because of the time it will take to give new men the technical training required for specialized Air Forces jobs. Flying personnel will, of course, be even harder to replace.

Replacements for veteran Service Forces personnel will also come out of the Ground Forces. This process will not take so long as in the Air Forces, because most jobs in the Service Forces require less training time than Air Forces spots.

The first occupation troops for Europe—to begin with, probably a large army principally because some of the countries so long under Nazi dictatorship will not be able to govern themselves right away—will be selected from the Ground, Air and Service Forces already there. These men will, in general, be those with low point scores.

Some Ground Forces soldiers in the ETO, even including those who have had some combat, may have to be shipped to the Pacific. The Japs are no push-over, and obviously we can't win with completely green troops. Certain Ground Forces units have developed special skills that are vital for the working over we still have to give the enemy in the Far East. That's "military necessity" again. The best the Army can do in the circumstances is to try to ship most of them via the States, so they can have a furlough at home, and afterward gradually replace the men with high rating scores after they have reached the Pacific theaters.

Selecting Surplus Men

THE commanding generals in each overseas theater, active and inactive, will have been instructed, when Germany falls, on how many men and units they must get ready for further duty and how many they may declare "surplus" and send home. "Surplus" quotas in the inactive theaters, such as the European or Caribbean, will be, of course, considerably bigger than for active theaters, such as the Central Pacific.

In choosing his surplus personnel, a commander will eliminate first the indispensable men, the highly skilled men, the men who cannot be replaced without too great loss of time. An airplane pilot, for example, or a radar repairman, is individually necessary to the military effectiveness of his unit. Soldiers with a valuable MOS (military occupational specialty) will not get their names on the early surplus list no matter how many points they total on their Adjusted Service Rating card.

After these specialists have been tagged to stay in service, the necessary units will be filled by GIs who have fewer than the minimum number of points set in Washington for their major branch of the Army.

This does not mean that those men will not be replaced at all until after the war is over. It does mean they will have to wait until adequate replacements with still lower ratings become available.

Everybody else—meaning guys who have an Adjusted Service Rating above the minimum for their branch and who are not individually necessary to their unit—will be reassigned to a surplus outfit.

In the States, the same process of selection of surplus men will be applied, but not many men in the States without overseas service will be declared surplus. In general, the Adjusted Service Rating score of such soldiers will be low anyway, unless they have seen a lot of service and have several dependent children. Veterans who have served overseas and who happen now to be in the States will not suffer just because they are considered for release within the small quota for continental United States.

Remember, being labeled "surplus" does not guarantee, in itself, that a joe is going to be discharged. But it is a swell start.

The Problem of Shipping

WHEN the huge amount of paper work is accomplished, the next big problem will be shipping. Finding enough shipping space for all this backing and filling throughout the seven seas at one time will be a headache.

The WD hopes to put the plan into actual operation as soon after the fall of Germany as possible. In fact, the first surplus shipment from Europe bound for the States and "separation" should be shoving off in a month or two after the Nazis are defeated. That will be just a trickle, naturally, but the stream of GIs flowing homeward will become greater and greater with each succeeding month.

Nevertheless, men in surplus units waiting to return to the States will rate lowest priority and just have to cool their heels until a boat becomes available. It is estimated that less than half the men now in Europe will be out of there within six months after X Day.

First call on shipping space will go to units moving on toward the front, say from an inactive theater like Middle East to an active theater like China-Burma-India, or from the States to the Southwest Pacific.

In the Pacific areas, surplus men will not be shipped homeward until qualified replacements have actually arrived. The separation program in the Pacific will take even longer to get going than in Europe.

Sick and wounded men will be shipped back to the States under the highest priority, taking into account, of course, the condition of the men and the available room on hospital ships and in hospitals in the States.

Men declared surplus abroad who want to stay there for a while to work, or study, or be a tourist, will be able to apply to their theater commander for discharge on the spot. A limited number of these separations, upon presentation of good reason, will be granted.

The Government will provide transportation to the States for wives of GIs who have married abroad (there are about 5,000 of them), but not until well after the war is over and shipping space is plentiful.

Separation Centers

THE surplus men will be massed in reception stations in the States. There they will be screened again by that same old "military necessity" and Adjusted Service Rating point score to separate the essential men from those who may be discharged.

Essential men will make up the strategic reserves on tap in the States in case our medicine doesn't work on the Japs as well as expected. They will also form the cadre to train replacements for fighting men in the Pacific and the station complements to keep our permanent Army posts in shape. The unlucky guys who get shipped overseas only to be reassigned will get furloughs in the States as a kind of consolation prize.

The GIs who survive this double screening abroad and in the States, and who come out of it both surplus and nonessential, are the sweepstakes winners. They get out.

When the sick and wounded men who have been shipped from foreign theaters to hospitals in the States are able to leave the hospitals, they will either get a CDD (medical discharge) or if fit for duty again, go through the regular screening process like everybody else.

The surplus nonessential GIs will ship to 18 regional separation centers nearest their homes. Five of these already have been established, ready to send you back to the wife and kids, that $10,000-a-year job you told all the girls you left and the blue serge suit waiting in your closet.

The separation centers already functioning are at Fort Dix, N. J.; Fort McPherson, Ga.; Fort Sheridan, Ill.; Fort Sam Houston, Tex., and the Presidio at Monterey, Calif. The others are being set up at Fort Devens, Mass.; Fort George G. Meade, Md.; Fort Bragg, N. C.; Fort Snelling, Minn.; Camp Shelby, Miss.; Camp Atterbury, Ind.; Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; Fort Leavenworth, Kans.; Fort Logan, Colo.; Camp Chaffee, Ark.; Fort Bliss, Tex.; Fort Douglas, Utah, and Fort Lewis, Wash.

At the separation center, the GI will go through a 48-hour process of discharge: taking a physical examination and getting medical care if he needs it; settling his clothing account; collecting his pay due plus the first installment of his discharge bonus and travel money home; getting help in finding a job or starting a business.

Unlike the heedless method of demobilization after the first World War, the Army has made elaborate preparations this time to guide the discharged soldier in readjusting to civilian life.

Staffing the separation centers are specially trained officers and noncoms able to give dischargees help in virtually anything: going to school or college, getting their old jobs back or finding new jobs, starting a business of their own, converting life insurance policies, moving to a new town, or buying a farm.

Of course, any joe who wants to stay in the Army—and preliminary surveys indicate there will be many among the younger boys who wish to take up a military career—may do so. You won't have to see your chaplain about that.

Officers and Wacs

OFFICERS overseas will be designated as surplus or required on the basis of need and their special abilities. They will not make out Adjusted Service Credit cards. Once surplus officers are returned to the States, determination of whether they are essential and therefore to be reassigned and kept in service, or nonessential and therefore to be released, will be made on a basis similar to that applied to enlisted men.

In the case of Wacs, enlisted women will be sorted out into surplus and necessary, and essential and nonessential, just like enlisted men. Wac officers and nurses (who are also commissioned officers) will go through the same procedure as male officers.

There is only one modification of the pattern. If an enlisted Wac, nurse, or Wac officer has a husband who is discharged, she also can get discharged by asking for it, whether she is surplus or not.

Education, Recreation, Sports

THE WD is determined that the Army of Occupation and surplus units waiting to ship home from inactive theaters outside the States shall not have to hang around going nuts for lack of something to do. A broad educational, recreational, and sports program will go into effect on a voluntary basis in those areas immediately. Well, anyway, after not more than one week of permissible goldbricking following X Day.

Except for units scheduled for shipment to combat zones, military training will be cut to a minimum. The major part of his duty time can be spent by a GI in learning drafting, for example, or fighting for the lightweight crown of the ETO, or copying the Mona Lisa in the Louvre, or sight-seeing in Rome and the Vatican, or taking part in the weekly regimental show, or learning to play the piano. You can even go on a hunting or fishing trip on GI time and with GI equipment.

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Text of Army's Demobilization Statement

THE Army has adopted a plan for the readjustment of military personnel after the defeat of Germany and prior to the defeat of Japan calling for a partial and orderly demobilization from its present peak strength.

When the war against Germany has ended, the military might of the United States will be shifted from the European area to the Pacific area. Military requirements in the European and American areas will be drastically curtailed, while tremendous increases will be essential in the Pacific.

To defeat Japan as quickly as possible, and permanently, the United States will have to assemble, readjust and streamline its military forces in order to apply the maximum power. Our military requirements to achieve this end, involving men, weapons, equipment and shipping, have been set forth by the Combined Chiefs of Staff. These requirements are the determining factors of the readjustment and demobilization plan adopted by the War Department.

Military necessity decrees that sufficient men suited to the type of warfare being waged in the Pacific must remain in service as long as they are essential. Certain units of the Army also, of necessity, will have to be retained in the various theaters where action has ceased in order to fulfill such occupation duties as are necessary. Other elements, no longer needed in the theater in which they are assigned, will be transferred to other areas, reorganized and redesignated to meet current military requirements in the theater, or they will be inactivated.

Within each element of the Army thousands of individuals may become surplus to the needs of the theater or major command in which they are serving. But more thousands will be required for further military service.

First priority in this readjustment program will be the transfer of elements from theaters no longer active to the Pacific war zone, or from the United States to the Pacific war zone. All available transportation will be utilized for this tremendous undertaking.

THE readjustment and demobilization plan developed by the War Department after months of study takes into account all of these variable factors. Briefly, the plan for the return of nonessential soldiers to civilian life will start with the assembly in the United States of men declared surplus to the needs of each overseas theater and to the major commands in the United States. From among these men some will be designated essential, and a substantial number will be designated as nonessential to the new military needs of the Army and will be returned to civilian life according to certain priorities.

As an example, the commanding general of the European Theater of Operations will be informed by the War Department of the types and numbers of his units which will be needed in the Pacific, and the types and numbers of his units which will remain as occupation troops, and the types and numbers of his units which are surplus.

The simplest plan of demobilization would have been to return these surplus units to this country and discharge their personnel intact.

Such a method, however, would operate with great unfairness to many individuals who have had long and arduous service but are not assigned to one of the units declared surplus. If only units in Europe were considered, this basis of expediency would work unfairly to units long in the Pacific or at outpost bases in the American Theater. It would operate unfairly to men who have seen extended combat service both in Europe and the Pacific and have been returned to this country for reassignment. It would release men only recently assigned as replacements to units long in combat and would discriminate against veterans of many campaigns in units not selected for return.

Consequently, it was determined that the fairest method to effect partial demobilization would be through the selection of men as individuals, rather than by units, with the selection governed by thoroughly impartial standards.

For the standards, the War Department went to the soldiers themselves. Experts were sent into the field to obtain a cross-section of the sentiments of enlisted men. Thousands of soldiers, both in this country and overseas, were interviewed to learn their views on the kind of selective process they believed should determine the men to be returned first to civilian life. Opinions expressed by the soldiers themselves became the accepted principles of the plan.

As finally worked out, the plan accepted by the War Department as best meeting the tests of justice and impartiality, will allow men who have been overseas and men with dependent children to have priority of separation. Ninety percent of the soldiers interviewed said that that is the way it should be.

As part of the plan adopted, an "Adjusted Service Rating Card" will be issued to all enlisted personnel after the defeat of Germany. On this card will be scored the following four factors that will determine priority of separation:

1. Service Credit—based upon the total number of months of Army service since Sept. 16, 1940.

2. Overseas Credit—based upon the number of months served overseas.

3. Combat Credit—based upon the first and each additional award to the individual of the Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldier's Medal, Bronze Star Medal, Air Medal, Purple Heart, and Bronze Service Stars (battle participation stars).

4. Parenthood Credit—which gives credit for each dependent child under 18 years up to a limit of three children.

The value of the point credits will be announced *after the cessation of hostilities in Europe*. In the meantime, the point values will be kept under continuous study. The total score will be used to select surplus men from the theaters overseas and in the United States. The score also will be used when a certain portion of all these surplus men will be declared nonessential and returned to civilian life.

In all cases, however, the demands of military necessity and the needs of the war against Japan must first be met. Regardless of a man's priority standing, certain types of personnel can never become surplus as long as the war against Japan continues.

As an example of how the plan will work, assume that there are four Infantry divisions in the European Theater. One is declared surplus. Men in all four divisions are rated according to the priority-credit scores. The top fourth is selected and those not essential for retention in service by reason of military necessity are designated as surplus. Men in the surplus division who are marked for retention by reason of military necessity are then shifted into the active divisions. All of the men designated as surplus are shifted into the surplus divisions, which now will serve as a vehicle for eventually returning them to the United States.

So much of a unit that remains in service can become surplus until a qualified replacement is available. If military necessity should entail the immediate transfer of a unit to the Pacific, there may conceivably be no time to apply the plan to men of that unit before the emergency transfer is made. Consideration will be given these men when they arrive in the new theater.

The active units needed against Japan will be shipped to the Pacific. Those units required for occupation duty in Europe will be sent to their stations, and surplus units will be returned to the United States as quickly as possible.

In the United States, the men of these surplus units will revert to a surplus pool in the Army Ground Forces, Army Service Forces and Army Air Forces. These surplus pools will include surplus men from all overseas theaters and surplus men from the continental United States.

From these surplus pools the reduction of various types of Army personnel will be made. The number to be returned to civilian life as no longer essential to over-all Army needs will be chosen from among those with the highest priority-credit scores.

It is emphasized that the rate of return of surplus men from overseas will depend upon the number of ships available. Thousands of ships will be required to supply the Pacific Theater. The Pacific Theater will have No. 1 priority. All else must wait. To it will be transported millions of fighting men, millions of tons of landing barges, tanks, planes, guns, ammunition and food, over longer supply lines than those to Europe.

This means that most of the ships and planes that were used to supply the European Theater will be needed to supply the Pacific Theater. The majority of ships proceeding to Europe will continue on to the Pacific laden with troops and supplies for that distant campaign. Very few will turn around and come back to the United States. The Army, therefore, will not be able to return all surplus men to the United States immediately. It may take many months.

WHILE the process of selecting and returning men from the European Theater is taking place, the plan for readjustment and partial demobilization also will be applied in active theaters, like the Southwest Pacific. Individuals in those theaters will be declared surplus to the extent that replacements can be provided. Naturally, since the the Pacific will be the only active theater, there will be no surplus *units* of any type. Military requirements there will demand an increase rather than a decrease in fighting units. Nevertheless, troops in the Pacific area will benefit by the reduction of the Army, not as units, but as individuals.

Commanders in the Pacific area will be told the number and types of men who can be replaced. They then will select these men, using the same standards as apply in inactive theaters and in the United States. These men then will be returned to the United States as rapidly as replacements of the same type become available and as the military situation permits.

As an example: Normally there will be a great flow of men needed to build up and maintain an offensive against Japan, but say that several thousand men, over and above the required number, can be shipped to the Pacific each month. Then, a corresponding number of men in the Pacific with the highest priority-credit scores can be declared surplus and returned to the United States, where their scores and military necessity will determine whether they are among the personnel no longer essential to the Army.

Simultaneously with the selection and return of men in the overseas theaters, the same selective formula will be applied among troops stationed in the continental United States. Troops in the United States, however, will serve as the main reservoir of replacements for the overseas theaters. For in general, their priority scores will be lower than the scores of men who have served overseas and have seen combat duty.

Any man who may have been declared nonessential under this plan who wishes to remain in the Army, provided he has a satisfactory record, will not be forced out of the Army if he can be usefully employed.

In the case of officers, military necessity will determine which ones are nonessential. These will be released as they can be spared.

Priority of release for members of the Women's Army Corps will be determined in the same way as for the rest of the Army, but treating the Corps as a separate group. However, in the case of all female personnel of the Army, those whose husbands have already been released will be discharged upon application.

THE plan as now adopted will provide some reduction in the Army's Ground Forces and initially considerably less in the Service Forces and in the Air Forces.

Following Germany's defeat, the Air Forces will have to move combat groups and supporting ground units from all over the world to the Pacific areas. The nature of the Pacific area dictates that Service Forces personnel will be needed in great numbers to carry the war to Japan. Long supply lines, scattered bases, jungles, primitive country, all contribute to the importance and necessity for Service Forces personnel. Therefore, the reduction in its strength will be slow at first.

As replacements become available from the Ground Forces and from new inductees, the Air Forces and the Service Forces will discharge a fair share of men proportionate with the Ground Forces.

Surplus individuals declared nonessential to the needs of the Army will be discharged from the service through Separation Centers. Five Army Separation Centers are already in operation and additional ones will be set up when the need develops. A total of 18 in all parts of the country are contemplated. Their wide distribution will enable us to discharge soldiers close to their homes.

The readjustment and demobilization plan applies only to readjustment and demobilization in the period between the defeat of Germany and prior to the defeat of Japan. It sets forth the principles and responsibilities involved during that period. Theater commanders and commanders of all other major commands of the Army will put the plan into operation in as simple a manner as possible based on these principles and responsibilities.

The War Department has determined that the successful operation of the plan requires that the troops themselves, as well as the public, be kept fully informed.

The size of the military establishment that will be needed after the defeat of Germany has been calculated with the same exactness as the size of the Army needed up to now. No soldier will be kept in the military service who is not needed to fulfill these requirements. No soldier will be released who is needed.

It must be borne in mind always that the war will not be won, nor the peace enjoyed, until Japan has been completely crushed.

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Getting Out of the Army

Here is what you will go through in a separation center near your home during the last two days of your career in the U. S. Army.

WHEN the Army decides that it no longer needs your services, you will be sent to a regional separation center in the U. S. There, within 48 hours, you will be processed out of active service and either given a discharge or transferred to the inactive reserves, which amounts to practically the same thing as a discharge.

The Army is establishing 18 of these separation centers in various camps all over the States, with the intention of mustering out each GI at the center which happens to be nearest to his home town. These pictures, taken at the separation center at Fort Dix., N. J., show Pfc. Leroy S. Fake of Brooklyn, N. Y., an antiaircraft artilleryman with service in Africa, Naples and Anzio, going through the routine that every GI is looking forward to. As you can see from the steps that Pfc. Fake takes, a separation center is really a reception center operating in reverse.

You spend your first day there getting your papers checked, listening to a few lectures on your return to civilian life and turning in clothing and equipment. The Army takes back everything except one complete uniform, one extra shirt, gloves, ties, socks, underwear, towels, toilet articles and personal belongings.

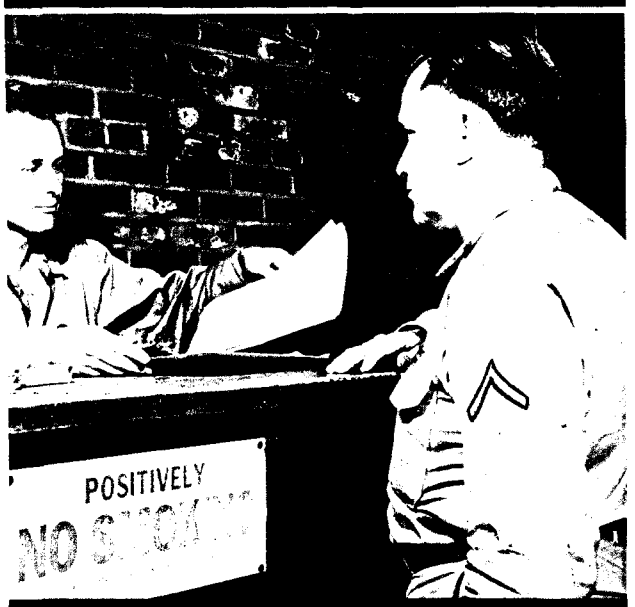
A physical exam takes up most of the second day. It is as complete as the exam you got at the induction station when you entered the Army. If there is something seriously wrong with your body or teeth that can be corrected, your discharge may be postponed until it is taken care of in a GI hospital.

Then there are interviews by trained enlisted men in the vocational guidance section who can give you advice about getting your old job or a new one. They also know about such things as conversion of insurance and the loan and education provisions of the GI Bill of Rights.

After that you sign your discharge certificate and draw your money. You get all the pay due you, travel money and $100 of your mustering-out pay. Mustering-out pay totals $100 if you've served less than 60 days in the States; $200 for more than 60 days in the States and $300 if you have served any length of time overseas. The rest of your mustering-out pay is sent to you in $100 monthly installments after you leave the Army.

Then, with cash in your pocket, you get a ride to town in a GI bus and start for home.

1. Soldiers who are about to be discharged arrive at the separation center at Fort Dix, N. J.



2. Pfc. Fake, back from combat service in Africa and Italy, checks in at initial receiving point.

3. He turns in all equipment except uniform, underwear, socks, toilet stuff and extra shirt.

4. The captain tells him about discharge and the problems of returning to civilian life again.

5. In medical section, the doctor hears his heart and decides he is fit for his old linotype job.

6. He is interviewed by a GI who gives him facts about rights and benefits of a veteran.

7. Here's a moment we all dream about—the signing of the wonderful discharge certificate.

8. Pfc. Fake collects $139.55, first installment of his mustering-out pay and his travel money.

9. Then the discharged veteran climbs on a bus and begins last leg of the trip to his home.

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JUNGLE BEDROOM. In the Southwest Pacific, three Bushmaster infantrymen, who'd been on the hunt for snipers, show how they dig in for the night. At left, the four-hour job of fashioning a hole in the coral. At right, Sgt. Bill Pierce, Pfc. John Burgett and Pfc. Clell Dominy (l. to r.) under their jungle poncho, ready to sleep.

How Rock of Venafro Held Up an Army

ITALY—Many Allied soldiers have reason to remember the huge Rock of Venafro, which was cursed from the Tyrrhenian Sea to the Adriatic and from Bastia to Cassino. It held up the advance of the Fifth Army for weeks and weeks.

To take the town of Venafro, you had to take the mountain overlooking it. There was only one narrow passageway up the steep mountain, and this big rock sat plump in the middle of the path. On one side of the rock was the mountain, on the other a yawning cliff. The rock was the stopper in the bottleneck. Any Allied soldier foolish enough to stick his head over the rock promptly got it shot off by the Krauts.

When the company commander first reported back to Regiment with his story of the rock that was holding up the advance of an entire army, no one would believe him. The whole thing sounded incredible: one rock causing so much trouble in these days of modern warfare, with its demolition experts, heavy artillery and bombers.

So the flustered captain went back to his company, his problem still unsolved, his ears burning from the derision at headquarters.

He called in his engineers. They studied the situation and inserted dynamite where they thought it would do the most good. The troops were drawn back out of harm's way.

It was a lovely explosion. Even in a land rocked day and night by the thunder of Long Toms, bombs and ack-ack, it was a pip.

There was just one thing wrong. It was such a lusty shock that it unsettled another rock up the mountain. This boulder came tumbling down and made the shelf more impassable than ever.

By this time more than a week had passed, and the best brains and highest brass of the regiment decided to see for themselves.

A major who climbed up to take a look got his helmet creased by a bullet. Still he ordered direct assault. It didn't work. Some Rangers were brought in. They didn't do any good either.

Meanwhile the Germans were getting more and more insolent. They were so close they could hear the Americans talking and they knew every man on our side by his first name. Frequently they'd taunt the GIs on the U. S. radio frequency.

Casualties increased. The Americans took to lobbing hand grenades over the rock, and the Germans replied with their own potato mashers.

And all the while higher headquarters was getting more and more impatient. It was bad enough for the captain to have Regiment and Division on his neck, but now Corps wanted to know what had stopped the advance. A colonel from Corps came up, huffing and puffing to blow the rock in.

He arrived in midmorning when everything was quiet. The sky was blue, the sun was shining, birds were chirping and all was peaceful.

This convinced the colonel that the whole story was a humbug, just as he had expected—and he didn't mince words saying so.

Then, heedless of warnings, he climbed up on the rock, farther than anyone had gotten before. Higher and higher he went, until he stood on the very top, erect and exposed.

"Why, you men must be crazy," he shouted at the officers who had followed reluctantly, a good 50 feet behind him. "There isn't a Jerry for miles."

In perfect English a voice at the colonel's feet said softly: "You must be new around here."

Smiling up at the colonel from little more than arm's length away was a German, pointing a machine pistol straight at him.

The colonel hadn't moved so fast since he had his pants shot off as a second lieutenant at Chateau-Thierry in the last war. The German soldier must have had a sense of humor, because he didn't pull the trigger.

Much later, after days had melted into weeks, the passage to Venafro was won at heavy cost by direct assault.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

GLASSES of cognac are lifted in toast to the liberation of Paris as M. Louis Lehaut, citizen of Cherbourg, and Pvt. John Simms, citizen of Pittsburgh, Pa., get together in the Normandy port. Whenever the American armies stopped long enough to say hello, they were royally entertained by the French.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Signal Corps. 2, 3 & 6—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 7—Upper, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower, M/Sgt. Charles Sands. 8—Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 9—PA. 10—Upper, Signal Corps; lower, Sgt. George Aarons. 11—Sgt. Aarons. 12—Upper left, USCG; lower left, PA; upper right, WW; center right, U. S. Army; lower right, Mason Pawlak PhoMlt. 13—Upper left, Pfc. George Burns; upper right, Pvt. Wolf, Signal Corps; center left, Iceland Base Command; center & lower right, Signal Corps; lower left, Sgt. Hanley. 15—Pfc. Beaumont L. Mood, Signal Corps. 18—Upper left, Acme; upper right, T/Sgt. Vincent Kaminski; center left, Pecos AAF, Tex.; lower left, BPR, WAC Group; lower center, Acme; lower right, Kansas WAC Recruiting District. 19—PRO, Camp Crowder, Mo. 20—Universal Pictures. 23—Upper, INP; lower, PA.

Turning Turtles

CANTON, PHOENIX ISLANDS—When an EM of this isolated equatorial island goes on sentry duty at night, Japs are not the only creatures he keeps an eye peeled for. Turtles are also high on the list. When a GI spots one, he flips the flapper over on its back and telephones for a truck and a detail to take the reptile home to his outfit's mess hall. Frequently turtles run to 500 pounds, big enough for steaks for the sentry's whole company.

"The cooks of Canton are very talented at cooking turtle steak," says Sgt. Edward B. Poor of Browns, Ill. A typical recipe is the one worked up by T-5 Clarence Rea, former chef of the El Roa Inn, a night club in Maroa, Ill. He handles the dark, tender, gamey turtle meat just about the same way he used to chicken-fry the El Roa beefsteaks. He slices it into one-man portions, rolls it in flour, washes it in egg and milk and fries it in deep fat.

November to January seem to be the best turtle months. A company may get two a week at that time of year if every sentinel in the outfit is on the ball.

—Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

By Piggyback to Russia

AN EASTERN COMMAND BASE, RUSSIA—Lt. Richard E. Willsie, a fighter pilot from Long Beach, Calif., thought he was headed for a German prison camp when his P-38 was badly damaged by flak over Rumania.

One engine was afire and the other had started to sputter. Willsie belly-landed in a plowed field.

Directly above the damaged P-38, F/O Richard T. Andrews of Portland, Oreg., watched the forced landing. He tightened his nerve a notch, lined his P-38 up with the furrows in the field and landed to rescue Willsie.

"I set my plane on fire," said Willsie, "ran to Andrews' ship, climbed in and sat on his lap."

Six ME-109s threatened to attack the grounded airmen while they prepared to take off, but other American planes of the fighter formation drove them off. A couple of German trucks came barreling down a road but arrived too late.

The double-loaded P-38 bounced over the ground and pulled up into the air. As the senior pilot, with 60 combat missions as against Andrews' 10, Willsie took over the controls.

"I was radio operator, observer, aid man and co-pilot," said Andrews, "and Willsie was pilot and navigator. We flew for one hour on instruments before finding our base in Russia."

—Pfc. THEODORE METAXAS
YANK Field Correspondent

A close fit for Lt. Willsie (left) and F/O Andrews.

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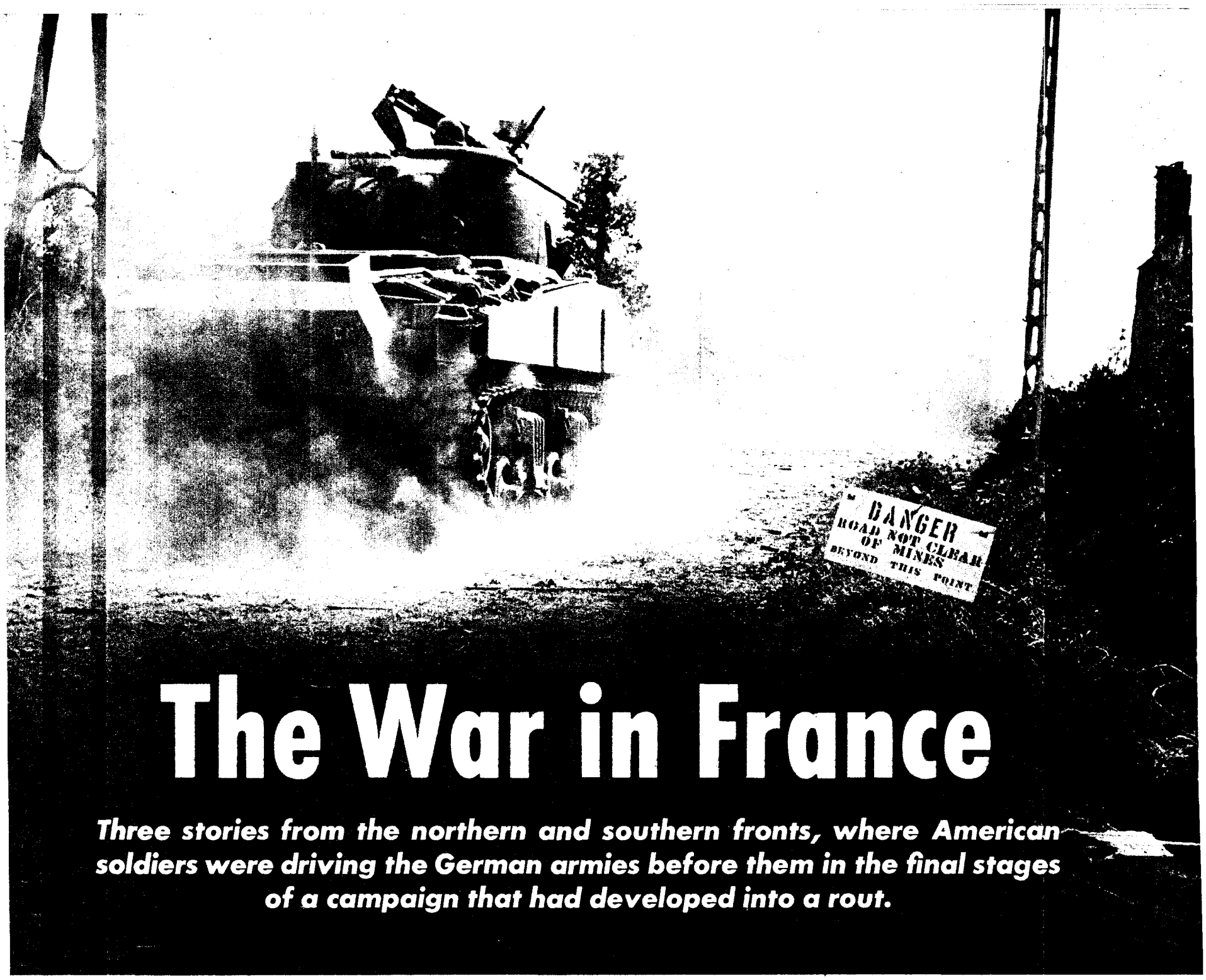

The War in France

Three stories from the northern and southern fronts, where American soldiers were driving the German armies before them in the final stages of a campaign that had developed into a rout.

TRUCE IN THE TOWN OF MONTARGIS

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN NORTHERN FRANCE—The division commander, a two-star general, sat in front of his tent, working the point of his cane into the ground and talking to the one-star division artillery general.

"Now, remember," he said, "I don't want any shelling in Montargis. I believe we can get in without shelling the town."

The artillery general nodded.

"That's an order," the division commander said.

"Yes, sir," said the artillery general.

That night, patrols did a little probing around Montargis and got burned. One patrol under Lt. Jack Foxx of Borger, Tex., tried to get into town from the south and met machine-gun fire. The patrol was surrounded from 1600 hours until early morning but finally managed to crawl out.

The next morning the division was still trying to get into Montargis. The artillery general, who really loves to fire those big guns, was still waiting. His big guns were waiting. Maybe he would get a chance to fire them after all.

Montargis was just a little roadblock in the way of the American forces pushing east, but the division commander didn't want to smash it. He had fought the last war in France and had a warm feeling for the French. He didn't want to shell the town; it was just that our arms were committed to occupy Montargis by nightfall.

Then the commander thought of something. There was a hum of voices in G-2 as he put his idea across: Lt. Col. John T. Hoyne of Salina, Kans., the G-2 officer, was to enter Montargis under a flag of truce and ask the German commander to surrender. Hoyne was to emphasize the hopelessness of the German position; if their commander refused, then the artillery general would have his way. The big guns would open up at 1300 hours.

COL. HOYNE agreed to take me along, but when we were ready to start we discovered that there was no flag of truce available. There wasn't even a nice big hunk of white cloth. Then I remembered a pillow case in the bottom of my barracks bag. It really belonged to the QM Depot at Fort Dix, N. J., but they were out of luck now. I got it out and Col. Hoyne decided it was all right even if it were a little dark and tired-looking. He sliced it apart with a pocket knife and tied it around the bough of a tree he had trimmed down.

There were four of us going into Montargis: the colonel; Sgt. Efraim Ackerman of Brooklyn, N. Y., who spoke fluent French and German; a prisoner who knew the exact location of German headquarters, and myself.

We started out at 1100 hours. When we got to the regimental CP, Col. Hoyne asked a major how much farther the front lines were. The major said only a few hundred yards. We got out of our jeep about where he had indicated and started to walk. It was a fine morning. Everything was very quiet. The only trouble with a flag of truce is that maybe a German is down in a ditch or some place like that and starts firing before he sees the flag. Otherwise walking around with a flag of truce is fine.

WE marched abreast, very erect, as if passing in review before the enemy concealed around us. None of us had any weapons; the sergeant carried the flag, very high up. We passed some Americans, crouched in a ditch beside the road. One of them had blood running down his sleeve. They stared at the flag. "You can't go any farther down the road," one said. "There's sniper and machine-gun fire around the bend."

"Well, we're going in anyway," the colonel said.

The soldier stared at us. "Sure," he said. "Sure thing."

We finally reached the bend in the road. "Get that flag up good and high," the colonel ordered. Then, as an afterthought, he said: "Ackerman, ask the prisoner if the Germans will surrender."

Ackerman asked and then turned back to the colonel. "He says he doesn't think so. He says they're a bunch of crazy bastards and they're going to stay there. He says they're so crazy they're going to fire on us, white flag or no white flag."

The colonel didn't answer and we kept on walking. We walked around the bend, and the road ran through rolling fields with haystacks that reminded me of Ohio. There were people all along the sides of the road here, even pretty girls with the inevitable bottles of wine. But we couldn't stop. We couldn't even crack a smile or behave like the liberators of other French towns behaved. This was not easy; the people wanted to

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greet us affectionately, to crowd around us.

"Tell them to keep back," the colonel said. "Tell them to go back to their houses." Sgt. Ackerman told them that in loud and fluent French, but the people were in no mood to believe him. We wore American uniforms and we were the first Americans they had seen since France fell to the Germans. That was enough for them.

So we marched past with deadpan faces, not acknowledging their greetings at all. I guess the French thought we were a little mad, but they kept on cheering. Ackerman's face was streaming sweat. My mouth was dry and tense. We could feel German eyes watching every move we made. Just to check my vocal cords I said something to the colonel. I'm not sure what I said, but it was something like "Testing—one, two, three, four. Testing."

THE flag was getting lower as Ackerman's arm tired. We crossed a bridge into town, and the crowd thickened. Cries of freedom sounded everywhere. We didn't say much to each other, just marched abreast, trying to keep from getting entangled with the enthusiastic French people. Every once in a while the colonel would remind Ackerman in a sharp voice to keep the flag up.

Then, out of a side street up ahead, rode two German soldiers on bicycles. They pedaled nonchalantly toward us, as if they were just out for a little exercise. Their guns moved up and down a little on their shoulders as they pedaled.

When the French saw us come up, they fell upon the Germans and pulled them off the bikes. Then they tried to hand over the guns to us. We resisted elaborately, mostly in pantomime, for the benefit of the other Germans we figured were watching us from all sides. But the French didn't understand; they forced the guns on us and we finally had to take them. Then we handed them back to the Germans politely, with large friendly gestures. The French stared at us with a look of outrage and betrayal. But we went on, not looking back.

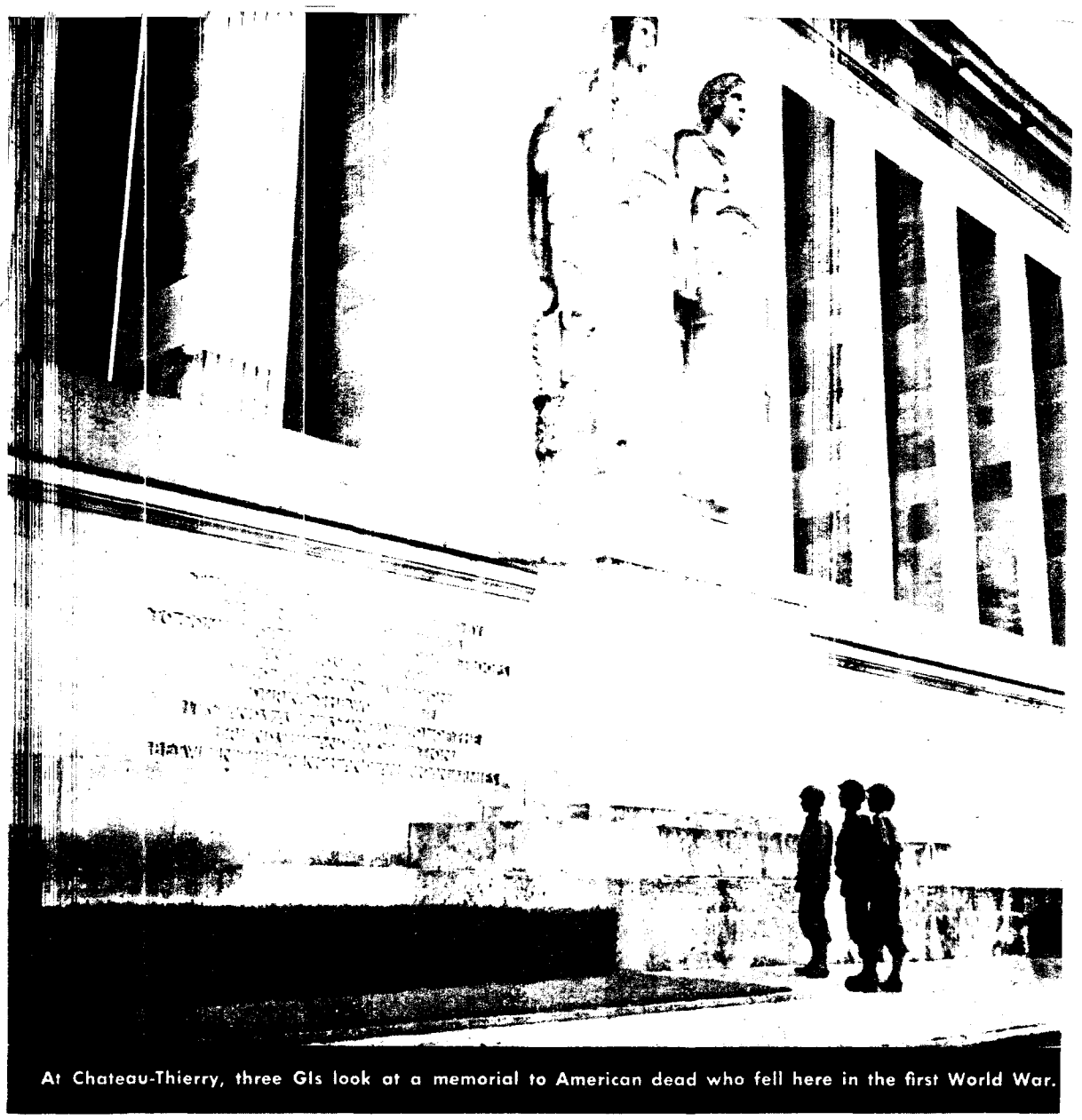
Finally we came to German headquarters, a large white stone building. A blonde was standing in the doorway and Ackerman asked her if the Germans were there. She said no. The colonel didn't know what to do. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Then he said we might as well keep marching. We walked another two blocks and then stopped near a building, keeping under cover as much as we could.

It was now 1200 hours. We were standing there, not knowing what to do or who was in the town, when suddenly we heard the noise of a car, and a jeep full of American soldiers swept up the road and stopped in front of us. It was part of the division recon platoon that had come into town by another road. The captain in charge of the platoon got out and walked over to us and asked Col. Hoyne what was happening.

"Well," the colonel said. He leaned against the building and looked up and down the street. "Well," he said again, "it looks like the Krauts skipped out the back way."

"You mean we've got the town?" the captain asked.

"I guess we have," the colonel said. "I guess we've got the town, all right."



At Chateau-Thierry, three GIs look at a memorial to American dead who fell here in the first World War.

"ROMMEL—COUNT YOUR MEN"

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

OUTSIDE ST. MALO—The heavy artillery siege of St. Malo on the Brittany coast already had begun when a crack 155-mm howitzer battalion of the 333d Field Artillery, with which I am traveling, received orders to move up. Negro GIs make up this battalion, commanded by white officers.

I took off in a radio command car with the CO, Lt. Col. Harmon Kelsey of Livermore, Calif. At the wheel was T-5 Martin Simmons of Williamstown, N. J., described by the colonel as "the best damned driver I have ever seen and not scared of a damned thing."

We drove slowly up a broad asphalt highway past long rows of doughboys in trucks parked along the road. The battalion's new area was on the fringe of the town less than 10,000 yards from the besieged concrete citadel of St. Malo. The day before, an Infantry battalion had fought a bitter action here and had suffered heavy casualties when the enemy's coastal guns had been turned around to fire inland. We knew those guns were still zeroed in on the area.

The orchards and wheatfields stank with the dead and into many of the caved-in slit trenches had been swept the debris of war—torn GI raincoats, V-mail forms, bloody helmets, riddled rifle stocks and canteens. Three men had died beside the wall of a farmhouse when a tank shell bored a clean, small hole through the stone walls of the house and exploded where they stood talking on the other side.

The artillerymen prodded unconcernedly about the area, which had not yet been cleared of mines. Passing signalmen gingerly stringing their first lines stared at them incredulously. "Fee fie fo fum, I smell the blood of a Boche," said Cpl. David Smith of New York City. Sgt. Gibson Sapp, also of New York City, was looking at the debris-filled slit trenches and composing poetry. "They died under an apple tree," he wrote; "the apples were not yet ripe."

The officers were busy laying out battery areas and gloating about the lack of traffic on the roads this far forward. Some of the men discovered a system of underground fortifications built by the Germans and went foraging for bedroom slippers, shaving mirrors and stationery.

One by one the batteries of the battalion rolled in and began to dig emplacements for SPs and howitzers. By evening they were set up and ready to fire. The big guns pointed short, ugly snouts seaward under camouflage nets. In the battalion fire-direction center men kidded and dug a little deeper while they waited. In the next field a cannoneer sang a song called "Low-down Babe" in a high minor key. At 2035 orders to fire came through and Lt. A. J. Howell of Altus, Okla., left to take off in a Piper Cub. At 2101 Lt. Howell radioed that he could now observe the concrete fortress target. T/Sgt. Henry Washington of New York City and Sgt. Sapp worked furiously over computing charts in the fire-direction center. At 2104 Sgt. Washington picked up the telephone. At 2105 gun No. 2 of Battery B opened fire to register a target for the other 11 guns.

The gun crew went about firing the round quietly and methodically. There was no time for kidding and singing now. No one even muttered the battalion's now-famous battle-cry which goes "Rommel—count your men" before firing and then "Rommel—how many men you got now?" after firing. The projectile slammed into the breech. The crew whirled about rhythmically and the bagged propelling charge flew through the air from man to man. It looked like a well-drilled college backfield handling a tricky lateral-pass play. The breech swung closed. Then No. 1 man, Pfc. Arthur Broadnax of Autaugaville, Ala., pulled the lanyard. There was a blinding flash, a roar and a whistle. Seconds later we heard the 95-pound projectile crash into the crumbling Nazi citadel.

This was the 10,000th round the battalion had fired into the myth of the Aryan superman.

THE battalion fired its first round a few hours after debarking on Cherbourg Peninsula June 30. On that occasion the men had barely waterproofed their vehicles and set up for what they thought was a waiting period outside Pont L'Abbe when a strange Piper Cub circling upstairs radioed a code word. The Cub simply said: "The coordinates of the target are such-and-such. Will adjust." That was all.

Col. Kelsey rushed to the map and looked at the target. It was a towering church steeple in

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the town, which the Germans were using both as a sniper's nest and an OP. "Fire mission," the colonel said into the phone. "Battery adjust shell HE fuse quick, compass 5,000, elevation 300." Four rounds and 90 seconds later three heavy shells crashed into the invisible steeple, completely knocking it out—and the infantry advanced through the town.

THAT'S the kind of shooting the battalion has done ever since. It was the first Negro combat outfit to face the enemy in France. Today it is greatly respected. It is rated by the corps to which it is attached as one of the best artillery units under the corps' control. And I've heard doughboys of five divisions watch men of the battalion rumble past in four-ton prime movers and say: "Thank God those guys are behind us."

The battalion once fired 1,500 rounds in 24 hours, which didn't leave any time for sleeping. I watched the men set a new unofficial record by firing three rounds in a little over 40 seconds. They've developed the reputation of throwing high explosive for anyone who asks for it, regardless of affiliation, and in the Mortain sector they calmly swung their guns over the corps boundary line to help out the 4th Division when it needed some heavy slugging.

The battalion fired steadily for two weeks after it arrived in France and helped pound two vital hills into submission. After that it moved into the fight for La Haye du Puits and on to the bloody Moncastre Forest battle, where C Battery got out in front of the infantry and was so close to the enemy that it was pinned down by machine guns and mortars and couldn't fire. The battalion poured shells across the Periers-St. Lo road the day of the big July 25 attack and swept on through Normandy and Brittany with the big offensive. It was strafed and bombed and it absorbed occasional counterbattery fire from enemy artillery. It got shelled in foxholes and lost valuable men on OP hills. After La Haye du Puits it was issued mine detectors but it has not had time to use them. Its .50-caliber machine guns accounted for one strafing ME-109 and drove away 19 others.

The outfit captured seven prisoners on reconnaissance near Avranches. At Coutances it got out ahead of the infantry and captured a town.

Once when some ME-109s came strafing, the battalion was in a truck column on the road. Cpl. Pink Thomas of Batesville, Miss., stuck at the .50-caliber machine gun atop his truck and traded round for round with a Messerschmitt until it was the Nazi who gave ground and crashed in flames on the next hill. Lt. Joe King's 21-man wire crew was shelled off a hill three times and lost two men to machine-gun fire and shell bursts, but it managed to keep the lines open to OPs. That day the infantry moved ahead to La Haye du Puits under the battalion's protective barrage. Just before the big break-through along the Periers-St. Lo road the Germans tried to delay us with concentrations of 88s. Five of the 88s were firing on the battery at one time against our 155s. S/Sgt. Frank Crum of the Bronx, N. Y., crawled forward then up Hill 92 and in five minutes he'd spotted the gun flashes. Two volleys from the battalion silenced the 88s.

A Negro gun crew in France, under cover of a camouflage net, prepares to set up a 155-mm howitzer.

ONE of the things the battalion is most proud of is the time it scored a direct hit on the turret of a Tiger tank from 16,000 yards. When you consider that 16,000 yards is over nine miles, that the 155 howitzer fires a very heavy projectile at a very high arc, that the target was completely out of sight and that even if it were visible a Tiger tank at that distance would have looked about as big as a Maryland chigger—you realize that was some shooting.

The incident took place at Hill 95 north of La Haye du Puits. The position was still obscure on the hill but a three-man reconnaisance patrol took off anyway to look over the site as a forward OP. The patrol consisted of Lt. Edward Claussen of Bridgeport, Conn.; Pfc. Johnny Choice of Milledgeville, Ga., and Cpl. Howard Nesbitt of New York City. As they advanced they strung a telephone line back to the battalion.

At the foot of the hill they ran into a paratrooper. "Who's up there?" asked Claussen. "Some of us and some of them," said the paratrooper. Whereupon Claussen swapped his pistol for the paratrooper's tommygun and they proceeded up the hill. When they reached the top they started digging. They stayed there for eight days, observing the fire while an infantry battle surged back and forth around them.

On the ninth day some 88s got zeroed on the top of the hill and shelled it spasmodically day and night. This kept up for three days while Choice and Claussen spotted flashes and the battalion engaged the slippery self-propelled 88s with counterbattery fire. The telephone lines were cut and repaired and cut again.

Suddenly on the thirteenth day Claussen and Choice spotted the turret and apron of a single desert-camouflaged tank just barely showing above a hedgerow on the road alongside a house. Just as they were phoning the information back, the 88s opened up again. One shell burst five feet behind them and cut the telephone wire. Then another burst three feet in front of them and covered them with dirt in their foxholes. "Let's get the hell out of here," said Claussen.

They left with the phone and nothing else. A platoon of paratroopers just in front of them on the slope was falling back at the same time. One paratrooper came bounding over a hedgerow. "This is the first foxhole I've left since I landed 34 days ago," he said, "but, brother, this sure is one I'm saying good-bye to now."

Claussen and Choice moved down the hill 100 yards. Then they plugged into the telephone wire again. They phoned the coordinates of the tank back to the battalion and took chances dashing up to the top of the hill to observe results.

C Battery did the firing. The men used delayed-fuse shells timed to burst after the projectile had penetrated. The first round fell short. The second round dropped right down through the turret. The third smashed through the rear end of the tank. The fourth fell long. The second shell exploded inside the tank. The tank flew in half like a walnut smashed by a hammer.

They told me at gun No. 2 of C Battery that someone had reverted to the old GI custom and had scribbled some words in chalk on that shell. The words were: "From Harlem to Hitler."

In the southern invasion, S Sgt. Red Kimbrough wore the Lone Star of Texas.

We move into Southern France. Germans were too rushed to blow this bridge.

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BLOWN OFF THE DECK OF AN LST

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE SEVENTH ARMY IN SOUTHERN FRANCE — At H-Hour-plus-10, Green Beach was clogged with crawling trucks trying to get ammo and gas to the forward infantry elements before nightfall. When the first Dornier came over, a tired MP at a crossroad was helping to straighten out a Long Tom truck and two 40-mm ack-ack vehicles that were all jammed together in a lump.

The Dornier was very high and the ack-ack fell far short. The plane headed for four LSTs anchored in the bay. You couldn't see the bombs fall, but there was a moment of suspense and then flames started to spit from one of the LSTs. The ship wavered and moved away from the others and then it bounced against the rocky part of the beach and lay there. You could hear the explosions on board, ranging from deep heavy roars to shrill whining cracks and the crackle of small-arms fire.

At that time I was about 300 yards inland, going toward the front, but I headed back to the beach. It was good and dark, and I wasn't quite sure where I was. There was a voice yelling off to my right. The voice belonged to a man who was wet and naked except for his right shoe, which was torn to ribbons. He was Cpl. Roman Pietrazak of Chicago, Ill., and he had been blown off the LST.

Pietrazak was very jumpy, almost hysterical, but he said he knew where other men from the LST were lying on the beach. We decided to try to find a blanket for Pietrazak first and then go after the others. We walked along the beach in the darkness. After a while we made out the outlines of a wooden shack. I called out to ask if it was an aid station and a voice coming out of the darkness said yes. We headed for the voice and nearly fell over a stretcher. Now we could make out a lot of other stretchers lying on the ground. There was a GI wearing a medic's armband and we asked him for a blanket. We also told him about the other men on the beach, and he said they'd already been picked up. He gave us the blanket and Pietrazak wrapped it around him, and we went over and sat on a ration box. Pietrazak had calmed down somewhat, but he was still nervous. Finally he said: "Do you mind if I talk? I got to talk to someone. I'm too damned jumpy to keep quiet."

I said I didn't mind and Pietrazak started to talk in a rush:

"WE were just getting ready to debark. All the drivers were in the trucks and half-tracks ready to push off. There were two outfits on the boat, a bunch of ack-ack guys from Anzio and my outfit of Long Tom artillery. I was on deck watching the landing, and a bunch of us were talking about how easy this show was compared with Anzio when the plane came over. At first we just looked up interested-like. Then someone yelled that the Jerry was headed for the LSTs.

"It still didn't seem much until he started coming right down our alley. Then a bomb hit and I was knocked under a jeep. Everybody was screaming and yelling and a lot of guys were jumping off the side of the boat.

"Then someone yelled that the guys on the tank deck below were trapped. The hatch doors wouldn't open and the elevator between decks had stopped. The bomb had knocked the power out. A little blond kid with blood on his chest and half-burned ODs started asking for volunteers to go down and help the poor bastards below deck. Fifteen of us volunteered. We had to slide down the elevator shaft. The tank deck was in a helluva shape. Already the ammo was on fire and there were many wounded. The explosions made an awful noise as they bounced off the side of the tank deck.

"A couple of Navy kids had set up a temporary aid station on the side of the deck. They had plasma, bandages and a few litters. We started pulling the wounded out of the vehicles and carrying them over there. It was pretty awful. The guys took it okay but they kept looking at the LST doors. A bunch of GIs and sailors were trying like hell to get them open. A wounded guy asked how they were doing with the doors and they said they'd have them open in a minute. We knew damned well they'd be lucky if they ever got them open, and all the while the explosions kept getting bigger and bigger.

"A Navy kid and I had pulled a wounded GI out of a truck and were starting to make for the aid station when the first big blast came. It knocked us clear across the tank deck and piled us against the wall. We could hear screams and now we felt sure this was the end. We picked up the kid and put him back on the stretcher and carried him to the aid station. There were a lot of wounded all over the place now and every explosion bounced them around.

"The Navy boys ran out of bandages and plasma. There was nothing to do with the plasma anyhow. Every time they would string up the hose an explosion would knock it down. The guys working on the tank door came back; they couldn't get it open. They said we might as well save ourselves.

"The blond kid gathered all the guys together and he talked quietly so the wounded wouldn't hear. I'll never forget their faces. They didn't hear but they knew what he'd said. They didn't squawk, just looked at us in a funny way.

"We started to climb the elevator shaft. Four of us were nearly to the top when a big explosion came. I had hold of the side of the shaft. I was afraid I was going to fall. A lot of men did and I looked down and there was nothing but flames below. The blond-haired kid was right behind me. He didn't make it. I finally got up to the deck and started for the rail and the most horrible noise I ever heard came over the ship.

"The next thing I remember, I was in the water swimming for shore. I could hear voices and moans all around me, and now and then shell fragments skipped across the water. Every big explosion would shake me up inside like I was made of jelly. I don't know how I got to the rocks. Three other men were there, all badly burned. When I got my breath I started for help and that was when you found me. It wasn't until I talked to you I realized I didn't have any clothes on. The last explosion on the ship must have blown them off.

"I'll never forget those guys down on that tank deck nor that blond kid. Sometimes I wish I'd stayed with them."

I GAVE Pietrazak a cigarette and went over to the shack. While Pietrazak had been telling his story we heard someone calling for litter-bearers and it seemed he never would get enough of them. It was dark inside the shack except for the light of three candles on a battered table. Someone had strung pieces of cloth, OD shirts and blankets over the windows. A medical captain was working over a badly burned boy. I introduced myself and asked if I could help. "We sure could use another litter-bearer," the officer said. He was Capt. Bernard Cohen; he had been on the beach when the explosion happened and had started to take care of the casualties as soon as they came in. He had little medical equipment.

For the next three hours we brought cases into the shack and Capt. Cohen worked over them. Then we would take them out another door. Through it all the captain maintained a quiet, easy manner. The men grumbled whenever we stumbled in a shellhole in the darkness and dropped them.

Soon more morphine and plasma arrived and with the supplies came more medical officers who had heard of Capt. Cohen's situation. By dawn we had the casualties down on the beach and loaded on the LSTs.

Here the Navy took over. The last man I carried was Pfc. Harvey Low. The only thing Harvey worried about was his buddy. He gave me his name and told me what he looked like. "He was on the rail of the ship when I got blown off," he said. "I don't know what happened then. But if he's on here and hurt bad—maybe he'd feel better if he knew I was around."

I went looking for Harvey's friend but found out that he had not been reported. I decided it would be better not to tell Harvey about it.

Soon the Navy medics had the boys fixed on the deck of the LST. I saw one Navy man giving a transfusion to a GI. The GI had a cigarette in his mouth and was arguing with two other Navy guys about the superiority of the Army over the Navy. The Navy boys were giving him an argument. Then someone called, "All Army personnel ashore." The Army medics and Capt. Cohen made one last worried check of their patients and the doors of the LST closed. In another minute the Seabees dropped the pontons and the LST nudged out to sea.

Salt spray veils the prow of this LCVP as it makes for a beach on the Mediterranean coast of France.

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Shellback William B. Odekirk S1c has just been initiated by King Neptune after crossing the equator on a Coast Guard-manned assault transport ship in the Southwest Pacific.

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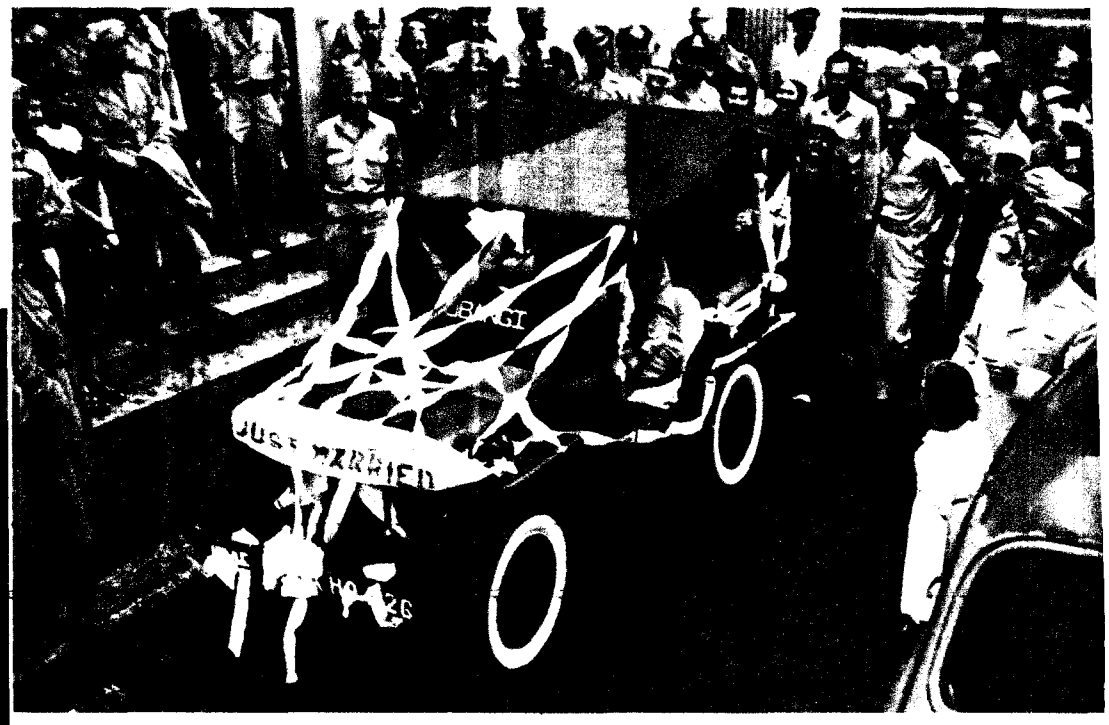
This Army dog stretches out next to his GI master to snatch a minute or two of rest during a bivouac in southern California. The animal is one of a group of canine recruits trained by the QMC Remount Service at the War Dog Reception Center in San Carlos, Calif.



In Bari, Italy, WAC Cpl. Florence L. Bauer married Capt. Wilson W. Hopkins Jr. What could be a better buggy for a GI honeymoon than a jeep? Nothing. So they had a jeep, and with trimmings, too. The honeymoon was spent at a mountain rest camp.

TOP LEFT: Her zipper busted so Linda Darnell had to be sewn into Gay Nineties costume for film, "The Great John L."

TOP RIGHT: Globe-girdling radio and screen comic, Bob Hope, stops off at Jungle Training Center, Oahu, T. H., to do a spot of wrestling with M/Sgt. John Compton, ex-grappler.

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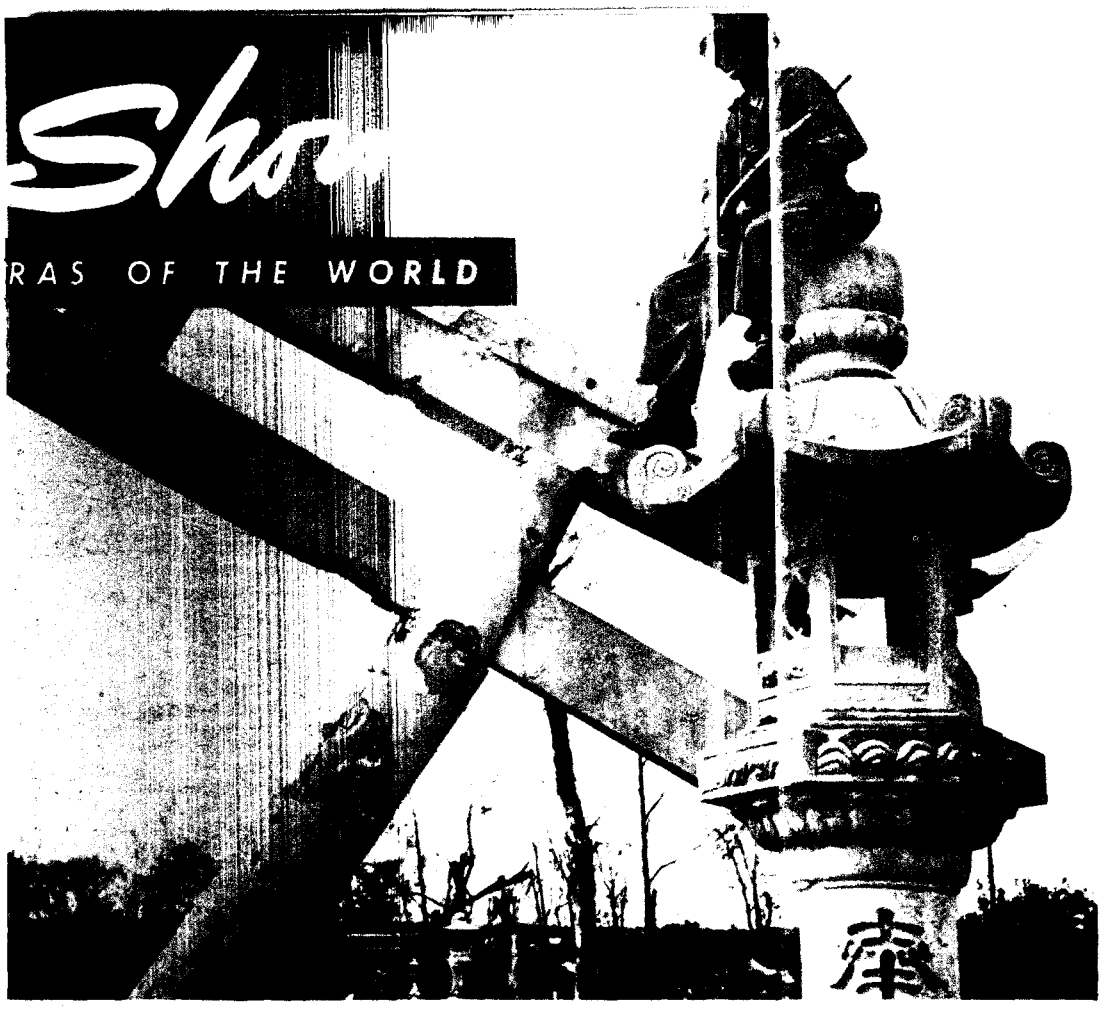
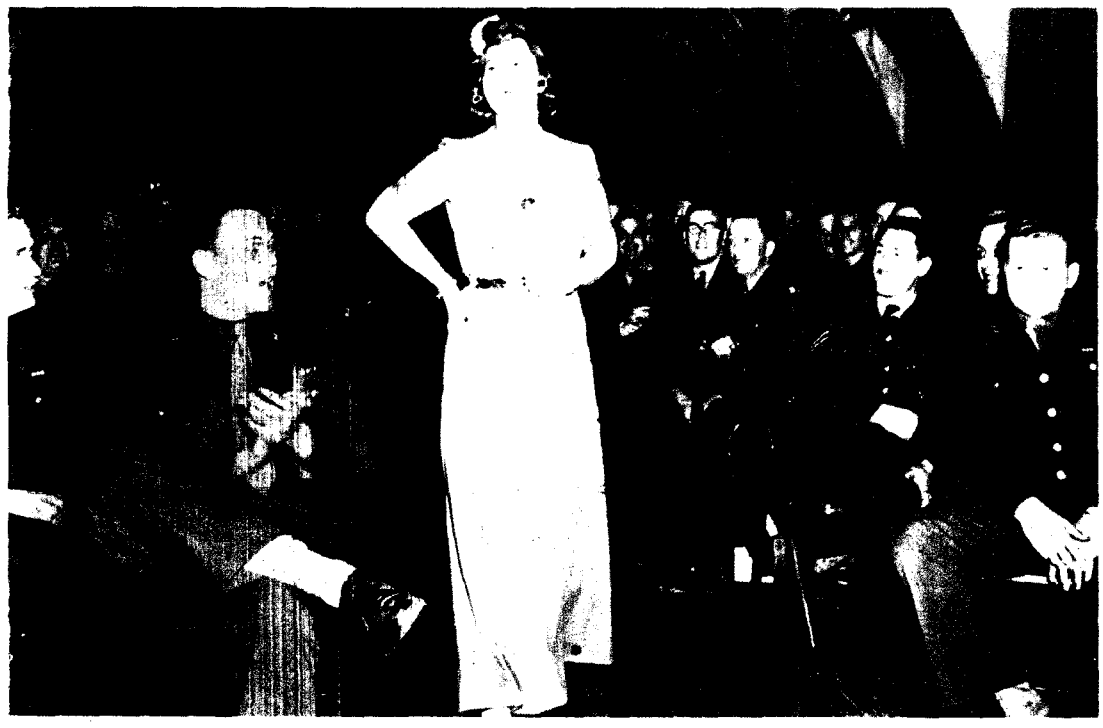
RAS OF THE WORLD

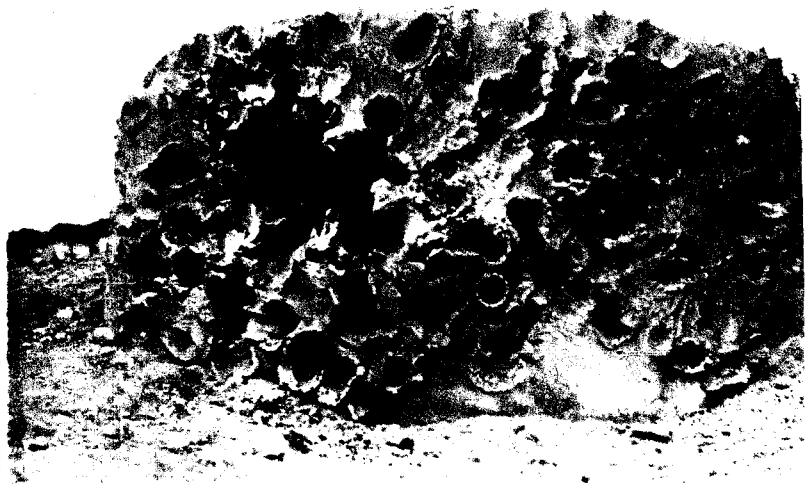


TINIAN TOTEM. This Japanese Shinto shrine on Tinian seemed to lack something in the eyes of Marine Pfc. Don Roberts. He climbed on top to pose as a symbol of Leatherneck Supremacy, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Sacred and Profane Love, Custer's Last Stand, Faith or What Have You?

In Assam, India, elephants are the only means of transportation that can get through the swamps. Two smart Signal Corpsmen use one as a stand for stringing telephone wire.

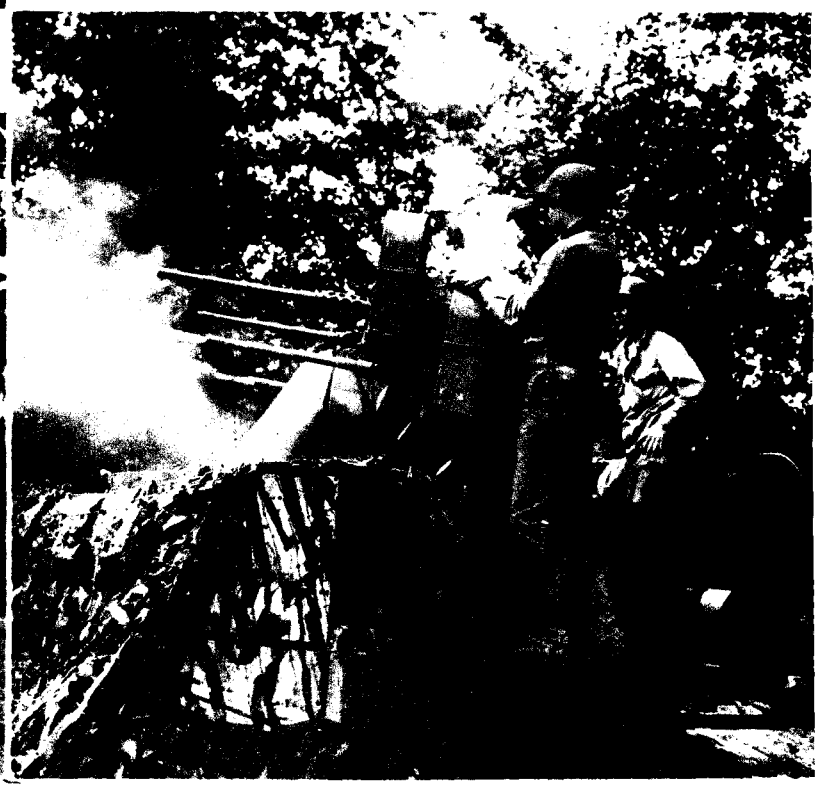


NISSEN NIGHT LIFE. GIs in Iceland got tired of uniforms. They got so very tired they kicked to the Red Cross girls stationed there. Shortly after the kick, the ARC obliged with a full-fledged fashion show—from swim suits to evening wear—in one of the Nissen huts.



This was a Nazi concrete pillbox in France, an example of the so-called impregnable German defenses. The fire of American tank gunners has blasted it into a riddled lump.

POST-WAR DREAM. T/Sgt. Joseph Austin and T-4 August Gray in New Guinea show their idea of the post-war jeep. Theirs has cigarette lighter, spotlight, air horns, dashboard starter.



There isn't enough *Luftwaffe*, so this antiaircraft unit in France figured it would support the doughfeet.

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Germans and Japs (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

. . . If we hope to bring about a better world, we must not levy upon the German people the conditions their rulers dictated to the subjugated peoples of Europe. We should make sure that never again will the German nation have an army, navy or air force. We should mete out punishment to the guilty leaders and axmen of the Nazi organizations, but we should also offer our cooperation to the German people toward the social, economic and political rehabilitation of their nation. . . .

Japan offers a more difficult problem but, with certain exceptions, should be offered similar treatment.

France —Sgt. BERNARD BELLUSH

Dear YANK:

. . . Reparations, AMG and an army of occupation can easily become the ladder upon which another Bismarck would climb to power unless they are aimed at protection of the liberal elements. With justice and vision we must transpose rabid German nationalism into channels of liberal self-government. Through education and regulation we must forever remove the old German solution to politics—personalized power—and replace it with honest world cooperation.

Britain —Sgt. BERT DUNN

Dear YANK:

. . . Education, not dissolution, of those nations is the only practicable solution. We do not have to force ideas down their throats, nor do we have to go to the other extreme and refuse to do our share in their rehabilitation. We must take the middle road with the vision of eternal peace as our ultimate goal. We should be strong but wise and judicious. Above all, we must have such an understanding of what we are striving to attain that the Germans and Japs will first respect, then admire and eventually believe in our way of life.

New Guinea —DONALD R. McNEIL

Dear YANK:

The Germans should be made to destroy everything that can be used for war, including plants, airports, naval bases, army camps so that nothing will remain for such future use. . . . Then they should be sent to other lands and set to work reconstructing that which they have destroyed. . . .

France —Pfc. LOUIS G. HESS

Dear YANK:

. . . What we know of the philosophical origins of German and Japanese absolutism and of the depth and tenacity of their roots in the culture of the people themselves seems to indicate the need for an extreme measure of extended missionary work. . . .

The description of warfare as surgery to cut out a malignant growth in the body of civilization fails if we do not recognize the need for a closely attended convalescence. . . . If the United Nations intend playing surgeon to the world they should make a sincere effort to discover and to exterminate the germ, which is the seed of the ideology that so nearly consumed the world. . . . This means a complete renunciation of isolationism for the United States. It means an aggressive interest in a world peace as well as world war.

Somewhere Overseas —T-5 JOHN S. GROSE

Dear YANK:

. . . Any plan proposing the segregation or breaking up of the German nation would be disastrous. I propose that we help them establish a democratic form of government. There should be no seizure of their territory and above all they should be given the privilege of free world trade and commerce. While severe punishment must be dealt to the Prussian military caste and the fanatic Nazi Party, the ordinary Germany should not be punished.

Britain —Pvt. ISODORE YOHAI

Dear YANK:

. . . Rather than ship German prisoners back to their homeland, why not send them to American schools? We attempted once to place a constitution in the hands of the German people, but they did not know how to use their privileges. Education is the only solution.

Britain —T-5 PAUL ROTH

Dear YANK:

. . . We must occupy all of Germany and Japan for a long time. We must supervise the textbooks and teachers in both countries. We must keep a check on the political activities of each resident.

Britain —Pvt. HELMUT LEVI

Limited Service

Dear YANK:

They say we will all get our jobs back after the war, but what about the men who were drafted as limited service and who couldn't get a Government job or any kind of decent job because of one bad eye or some other physical defect before being drafted? I think that if we are good enough to be in the Army and are now reclassified for overseas duty, we should be good enough to get some good job after the war. How about it?

Fort Warren, Wyo. —Cpl. LEONARD LOVOLD

Meet Pfc. Sack

Dear YANK:

My name, through no fault of my own, happens to be Sidney B. Sack. This alone is enough to bring upon me much sorrow. Everyone, upon hearing the name, attaches the moniker "Sad" and then laughs until I sometimes think their teeth are going to fall out. At first I thought it was pretty humorous

and played along with the boys, but now I am on the verge of a great and bloody crime unless a change of policy is forthcoming.

Like the others I enjoy the cartoon which your magazine prints, but unlike the rest I have grown to dislike its name. I nearly vomit every time I hear it. So it has occurred to me that maybe you would arrange with George Baker to make a slight change in his drawings and maybe call it Tin Can Tom or Yank the Yardbird. That would improve things a lot. Or if Sad Sack would be given some great honor I think that would help. Maybe I would even get promoted.

Camp Upton, N. Y. —Pfc. SIDNEY B. SACK

The Red Cross

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue Cpl. Merle O. Davis said that when he had been given an emergency furlough to go back to the States, he could not get money from the Red Cross even as a loan. You said that only "lack of funds" in a local Red Cross agency could have been responsible and you added that in such cases Red Cross agencies in the States would lend the money to the GIs when they returned to America.

This is not true. It is no more than Red Cross propaganda. . . . With all the money that our folks at home are pouring into the Red Cross, why don't you point out that in most emergencies where the Red Cross *is* furnishing money, it makes damned sure first that the money is a loan and not a gift? And, above all, don't say that even loans are available when they're really not, as you did in Cpl. Davis' case.

Australia —Pvt. JOHN S. BENDALL

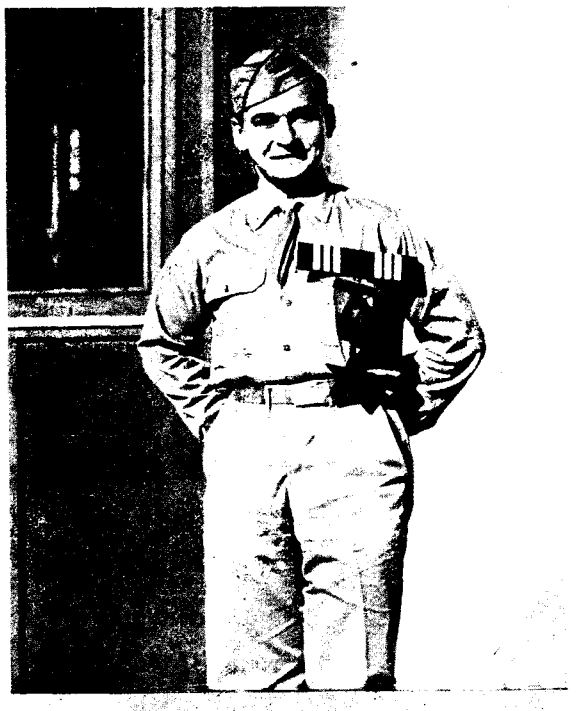
■ YANK was misinformed and, although the fault was not ours, we apologize. The original answer was an official one, released by a Red Cross headquarters overseas. National Red Cross Headquarters in Washington, however, now says that with War Department approval it can provide "financial assistance to servicemen for emergency and convalescent or therapeutic furloughs and for family or personal needs," but it "does not provide financial assistance solely to enable a serviceman to take advantage of a pre-embarkation, post-embarkation or regular furlough. . . ."

Sweating It Out

Dear YANK:

In one of your editions I read of a soldier who has put in 25 months in the Army without a rating. He said he would like to know if anyone was running a close second to him. I have put in 39 months in the Army and am still a basic private. Thirty-six months of that time I have put in overseas. In my outfit there are three other men with 39 months as privates overseas. They are Pvts. Miller, Neighbors and Nagy.

Bougainville —Pvt. ANTON L. SARLO



Fairly Good Conduct

Dear YANK:

This picture shows Pvt. Richard (Deacon) Hedden of our barracks. Pvt. Hedden bucked vainly for pfc until he gave up hope, then he asked the CO for a Good Conduct Medal and missed out on that. As a consolation prize, the first sergeant has awarded him the Fairly Good Conduct Medal and, as a recognition of his getting up for reveille (occasionally), the Barracks Bag Cluster.

—The Soldiers of Barracks 618

Dugway Proving Ground, Utah

Surplus Property

Dear YANK:

I have a gripe that I think is in the mind of many soldiers who know about the excess government equipment which is being sold. An item familiar to me is the small aircraft equipment which is supposedly excess, condemned or obsolete for the Army and which is being picked up by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for sale to civilians from AAF bases.

I have heard many of our convalescent pilots complain very bitterly because there is no legislation giving soldiers first crack at such sales. Many have been disabled or carry scars for life and come back home to find that they are not eligible to benefit from or get a new start in business with the articles being sold.

In many cases this equipment is all the soldier would need to give him a fighting chance for the business he lost or wants to carry on. This letter was written at the request of some 30 convalescents.

Albuquerque, N. Mex. —W/O HAROLD D. TROY

GI Suggestions

Dear YANK:

A recent War Department press release states that millions of dollars have been saved by the ideas of the department's civilian employees that were submitted through suggestion systems. Why hasn't the War Department adopted a similar suggestion system to harness the brains of the millions of enlisted men who do not have the nerve to make a suggestion to their sergeants? If even officers are reluctant to make suggestions lest they be slapped down, how many are willing to pass along the ideas of their subordinates?

A suggestion system that preserved the anonymity of the suggester, that swiftly channeled the suggestions to experts and gave full recognition to the suggester of an idea actually adopted or recommended for adoption, would not only save the Army much life, material and labor but also substantially boost its morale.

New Caledonia —Pvt. DONALD M. LANDAY

Slums at Home

Dear YANK:

I notice that back in the States organizations are being set up for the purpose of rehabilitating Europe. Most likely the few billion dollars pledged will come from the pockets of the soldiers who are lucky enough to return from this conflict.

How's about starting such a project at home? According to a magazine article, Sgt. Kelly, the Congressional Medal of Honor winner, lives on a street in Pittsburgh called Tobacco Road, with no steam heat, electricity or other normal conveniences. The capital of the U. S. has its slums. Most big cities have areas that need cleaning up. Let's clean house at home and correct these evils before we start on the other side. Then we would be doing something for the fighting men.

Burma —Cpl. JULES MARTIN WORDES

Wants More Wacs

Dear YANK:

A few months ago a certain sergeant, whose name I don't recall, made quite a few remarks about the Wacs. I know it is not right for a private to criticize a sergeant, but anyone who tries to ridicule any of our military personnel does not deserve the rating of sergeant or any other rating in the U. S. Army.

In Africa there were many Wacs. Just speaking to an American girl boosts our morale 100 percent. We who have been overseas quite a while really do enjoy their company. Personally I wish there were a thousand of them on this island.

Corsica —Pfc. MICHAEL MOFFO

GI Raincoats

Dear YANK:

. . . What I and many of my comrades want to know is who designed the present Army raincoat? Who test-hopped it and who finally approved its sale to the Government? . . .

It rains every day here, and we have proved that a GI gets wetter with the present raincoat on than he does without one. They're either too small or too big. If you do get one that fits, the pockets fill up with water. For the moment, we have solved the problem by wearing the raincoat backward, but this requires a valet to button you and unbutton you. Has anyone got a spare valet?

Guadalcanal —T/Sgt. E. J. LAMBIOTTE

A Lot Tougher

Dear YANK:

S/Sgt. James L. Condon is absolutely right about the German soldier being a darn good soldier. The Nazi is plenty tough and hard to kick out of his positions. He couldn't be otherwise and endure five years of all-out war. But we've found out one thing—we are as tough, if not a whole lot tougher.

France —Pfc. MELBERN DAVIS

Too Young to Vote

Dear YANK:

I am one of the many GIs who have, sad to state, achieved only 19 years of age. We are allowed to die for the glory and the safety of our country and its ideals, but we are too young to vote.

It would seem one is old enough to vote when one is old enough to kill people. Our government is something to glory in but it would be good to know you're selecting what you're dying for. When I am 21 years old, my views will have changed—perhaps. But somehow I doubt it.

Cushing General Hospital, Mass. —Pvt. WILLIAM WHITMAN

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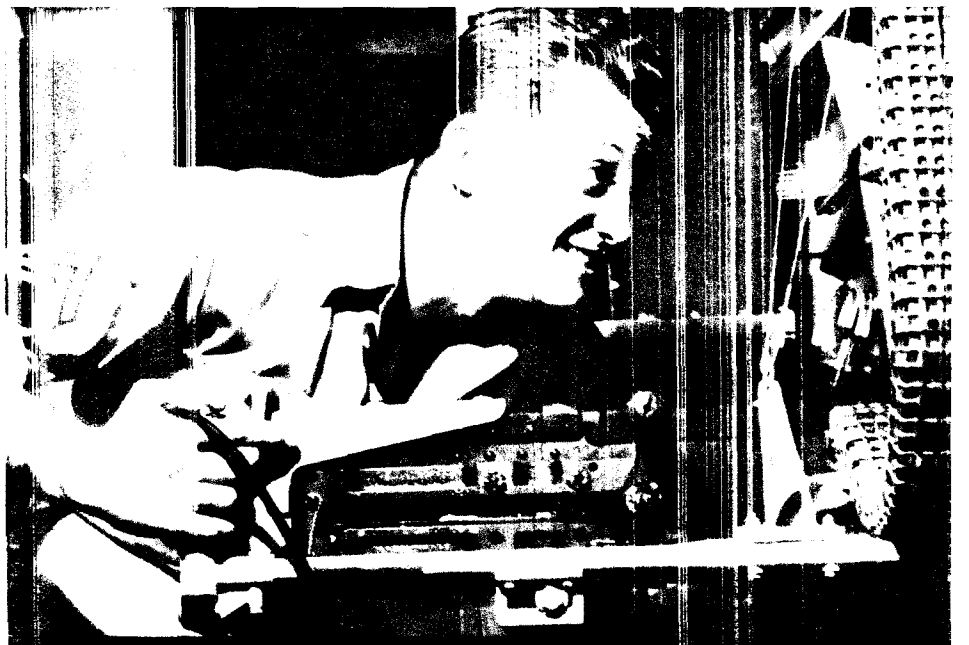
S/SGT. EDMUND E. DAWSON, armor-gunner on a B-25, hangs on to his baby's bootie. "It's been with me on more than 100 hours of combat flying," he says "and so far it's done the job. I depend on it to get me back home safely."



S/SGT. CHRIS PARRILI, rear gunner on a B-25, needs no better good-luck charm than his .50-caliber machine gun. "It means bad luck for the Japs and that means good luck for me," says Chris. Japs have sampled their luck already.

What good-luck charms do you carry on combat missions?

YANK asked seven AAF men in the Pacific—gunners, pilots, radio operators—how they hexed combat mission dangers. Here are their answers.

S/SGT. NED T. TELSHAW is a B-25 radioman. He carries his baby's stocking and prints the names of his objectives on it.

S/SGT. ERNEST H. DES PAULT mans a B-24 tail gun. He's carried a religious symbol through eight combat missions.

LT. COL. ARTHUR R. KINGHAM, a pilot with the Seventh Air Force, keeps his death's-head charm around his neck always. A girl friend gave it to him two years ago before a flight to Midway.

T/SGT. ROBERT L. GARRISON, radio operator on a B-25, takes his wife's picture along in combat. "I feel that it will bring me back safely to her. I'd hate to fly without it," he says. His wife sent it from back home in Georgia.

S/SGT. NORMAN VOGEL, a B-25 gunner, took his pup Clipper along on first land-based raid on Truk. The raid was so successful that Vogel plans to take him along on all future missions. Clipper was the gift of a Red Cross worker.

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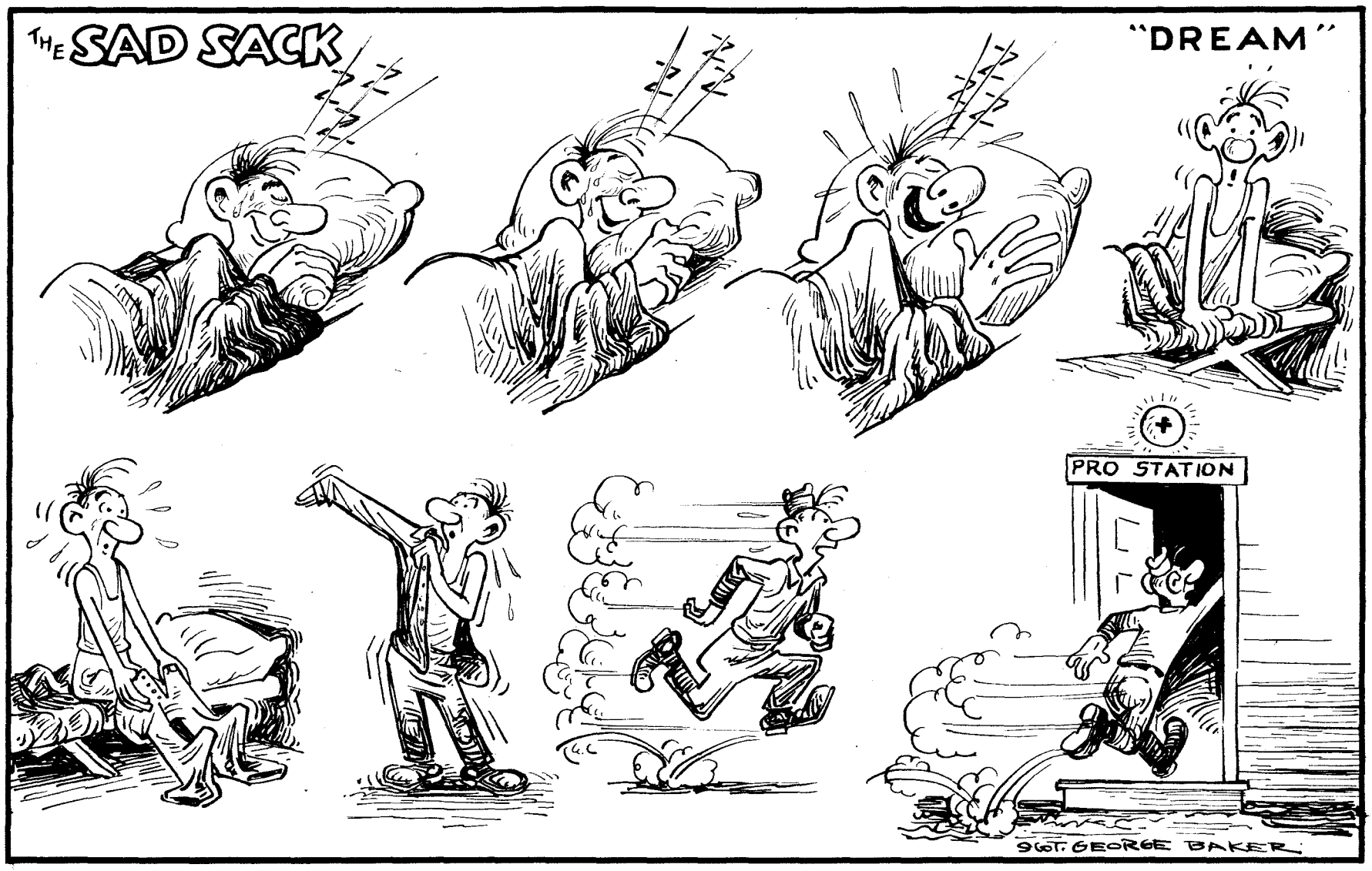


What's Your Problem?

Allotment Muddle

Dear YANK:

I have been overseas since June 1942. My pay was stopped in October 1942 because my mother was supposed to have been overpaid by the Office of Dependency Benefits. Since then I have had a few partial payments amounting to about $200.

Now the ODB has cut off my mother's allotment entirely. They have also cut off my 6-year-old son's allotment. My mother is 68 and in very poor health. I can't understand why I get no pay and why the allotments were cut off. I've tried writing to the ODB and seeing my first sergeant, but it doesn't do any good. What can I do to get some money?

Italy —**Name Withheld**

■ You'd better get used to living on partial payments, brother; you owe the ODB a wad of dough. ODB's records show that your mother has been overpaid to the tune of $1,292. Here are the facts:

In May 1942 you made a Class E (voluntary) allotment of $25 a month to your mother. Later that month you discontinued that allotment and set up one for $45. Your orderly room failed to notify ODB about your discontinuing the $25 allotment, so ODB paid both amounts through September 1943, at which time the $45 allotment was stopped. The $25 check kept on going to your mother until January 1944. A third Class E allotment, based on an incorrect serial number, was also paid to your mother from October 1942 to September 1943. Total overpayment: $1,760.

You made out still another Class E allotment in June 1942 for $18 a month. The ODB never paid this one, however, so in theory at least they owe you $468. After this is deducted from the overpayments, you still owe ODB $1,292.

In January 1943 you applied for a Class F (family) allotment for your mother and son, retroactive to June 1942. This allotment was granted, costing you $27 a month back to June 1942, so that for over a year your mother received almost $200 a month in allotments. The ODB says that your wife, who you say died in 1941, is very much alive and has applied for a family allowance, claiming that your son lives with her. Your mother contends that the boy is with her. Both claims are being investigated now.

Don't worry, though. Money isn't everything.

Transfer to the Rangers

Dear YANK:

There are two other fellows besides myself who are interested in transfering to the Rangers. We are in the Signal Corps now and we all have the specification number 650. Is there any reason why we can't get into the Rangers? What are the qualifications for the Rangers?

Camp Crowder, Mo. —**Pvt. HERMAN HOLLANDER**

■ You cannot transfer to the Rangers because the Rangers do not exist as a real T/O part of the Army. The Rangers were recruited on a voluntary basis in England and North Africa and given specialized training there. Units were never organized or recruited from soldiers in the United States.

Longevity Pay

Dear YANK:

In 1932 I received a Section 8 discharge because I was convicted by a civilian court. When we got into this war I tried to reenlist but was refused. Later, in 1943, the War Department changed its mind and granted me a waiver. Now I have completed a full year of service which, with my prior service, would entitle me to longevity pay. I've tried to get it but no dice. They tell me my past service does not count because of Section 8. I cannot understand that answer because my conviction had nothing to do with the Army. What's the answer?

Bougainville —**Pvt. PHIL HORTENELL**

■ You should be getting longevity pay. The official ruling is that the service "which was terminated by dishonorable discharge on account of a civil conviction or for any reason other than fraud may be included in the computation of service for longevity-pay purposes." See your CO about getting you your extra pay.

GIs Over 25

Dear YANK:

I've read a lot about the GI Bill of Rights but I still don't understand where men over 25 stand so far as the educational benefits of the law go. I was 29 when I enlisted in September 1942. At that time I was not going to school because I had a family to support and I couldn't afford the tuition. I have always intended to go back to school and study for my master's degree, without which I don't stand much chance in the teaching profession. Is there any way I can take advantage of the GI Bill of Rights?

Britain —**Sgt. MURRAY RUHLAND**

■ The fact that you were over 25 when you went into service does not bar you from taking advantage of the educational provisions of the law. Men who were over 25 are entitled to at least a year of schooling. While men who were under 25 will get additional periods of schooling, measured by the length of their military service, men in your age group will not unless they can prove that their entry into service curtailed their education.

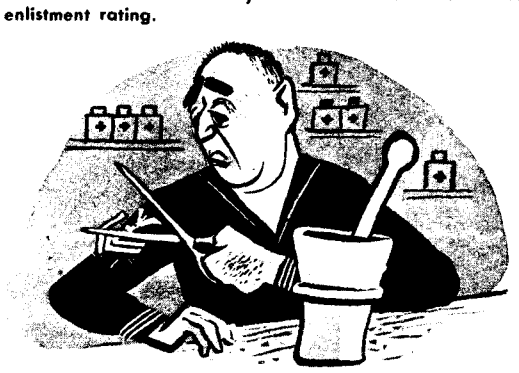
Navy Ratings

Dear YANK:

Can I be busted to pharmacist's mate second class if I came into the Navy as a pharmacist's mate first? I received a deck court for some trouble in town and the sea lawyers say I can't be reduced to a rating I never held before. They also say no matter what the court did, I must continue to receive the pay of a pharmacist's mate first class. Is that true?

NANRS, Gainesville, Ga. —**J. C. RELIHAN JR. PhM2c**

■ This is one of the oldest Navy myths. A Navy court martial can reduce a man to any rating it may wish. At the same time it can reduce his pay to that of the new rating. There is no truth to the belief that a Navy man cannot be busted below his enlistment rating.



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Total AUS Losses

Losses to the Army of the United States from the time of our entry in the war through June 30, 1944, totaled 1,279,000. The cumulative figures (to the nearest thousand) are as follows:

	OFFICERS	ENLISTED	TOTAL
Total deaths	16,000	58,000	74,000
Honorable discharges	17,000	950,000	967,000
Prisoners and missing	16,000	56,000	72,000
Other separations	4,000	162,000	166,000
TOTALS	53,000	1,226,000	1,279,000

Post-war Army

The first official announcement of what kind of an Army the War Department is planning for after the war is contained in *WD Circular No. 347, 25 Aug. 1944.* Army planners are told to work on a permanent peace establishment "no larger than necessary to meet normal peacetime requirements," to be reinforced in time of war by a reserve of citizen soldiers. The circular assumes for planning purposes that Congress will pass a law requiring every able-bodied American youth to take military training "as the essential foundation of an effective military organization," after which he will be incorporated into a reserve and subject to call for active duty.

The advantages of such a peacetime military establishment, according to the circular, are four: **1.** While "the system depends primarily on expert professional control, its leadership is not exclusively concentrated in a professional military soldier class," but citizen soldiers are encouraged to develop their leadership. **2.** It creates a widespread body of public opinion on public questions relating to military affairs. **3.** It keeps costs down to a minimum. **4.** And finally, "the proposal for an organized citizen army reserve in time of peace is merely the proposal for perfecting a traditional national institution to meet modern requirements which no longer permit extemporization after the outbreak of war."

A standing-army type of military establishment, the system of Germany and Japan, "has no place among the institutions of a modern democratic state," says the War Department. The trouble with such a system is that "only the brawn of a people is prepared for war, there being no adequate provision for developing the latent military leadership and genius of the people as a whole."

These plans for a peace establishment are not going into effect overnight. A basic assumption in the circular is that "for some time after the defeat of the Axis powers the United States will maintain such temporary military forces in cooperation with its Allies, as may be necessary . . . to lay the foundations of a peaceful world order."

Army Nurse Corps

A recent War Department announcement quoted in *Strictly GI* said that before the passage of the Bolton Bill the Army Nurse Corps was an "Auxiliary" of the Army. ANC was established in 1901 as a definite corps of the Medical Department and has never been an auxiliary unit. Nurses occupied a status similar to that of chaplains; they held officer rank without command authority. An executive order of July 10, 1944, gave them full AUS standing.

AAF Battle Honors

Battle honors in the form of Presidential citations have been awarded to 13 AAF groups and three squadrons. . . . In the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, the 301st Bombardment Group and the 82d and 325th Fighter Groups were cited twice. Single citations were awarded to the 2d, 97th, 99th and 451st Bombardment Groups and the 1st, 14th, 31st Fighter Groups. All of these are units of the Fifteenth Air Force. . . . In the ETO, citations were awarded to the 44th Bombardment Group, Headquarters 66th, 67th and 506th Bombardment Squadron and the 96th Bombardment Group, all of the Eighth Air Force. . . . In the South Pacific, a citation was awarded to the 307th Bombardment Group of the Thirteenth Air Force.

HERE IS OUR OFFICIAL DEMOBILIZATION SCORECARD

ADJUSTED SERVICE RATING CARD

NAME . . . . . **ARMY SERIAL NO.** . . . . . .

UNIT . . . . . **ARM OR SERVICE** . . . . . .

Type of Credit	*Number*	*Multiply by*	*Credits*
1. SERVICE CREDIT Number of months in Army since Sept. 16, 1940			
2. OVERSEAS CREDIT Number of months served overseas			
3. COMBAT CREDIT Number of Decorations and Bronze Service Stars			
4. PARENTHOOD CREDIT Number of children under 18 years old			

READ INSTRUCTIONS *on reverse side before filling card out.*

TOTAL CREDITS _____

CERTIFIED BY _____

Instructions for filling out ADJUSTED SERVICE RATING CARD

DETERMINE ALL CREDITS AS OF THE DATE OF CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES IN EUROPE. *Write the proper number for each type of credit in NUMBER column. Multiply this number by the figure on the same line in the MULTIPLY BY column, and write the resulting figure in the CREDITS column. Add all figures in the CREDITS column to obtain the* TOTAL CREDITS.

SERVICE CREDIT and OVERSEAS CREDIT. *After determining the number of whole months, give credit for an additional month if you have 15 or more days left to your credit. Overseas service means any service outside of continental limits of the U. S., including Alaska. It begins on the date of leaving a POE and ends on the date of arrival at a port in the U. S.*

COMBAT CREDIT. *Include the first and each additional award of the following only:* MEDAL of HONOR, DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS, LEGION of MERIT, SILVER STAR, DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS, SOLDIER'S MEDAL, BRONZE STAR MEDAL, AIR MEDAL, PURPLE HEART, and BRONZE SERVICE STARS (Battle Participation Stars). *No other awards or ribbons will be included.*

PARENTHOOD CREDIT. *Credit will be given for children under 18 years of age as of date of cessation of hostilities, but will not be allowed for more than 3 children.*

ARMY'S ADJUSTED SERVICE RATING CARD will look like this. When readjustment of personnel and partial demobilization start after Germany's fall, each enlisted man will get one of these cards to fill out. Point values for the multiplication column then will be announced so every GI can figure his own score. The WD also will announce how high your score must be for a surplus rating that makes you eligible for discharge. But if you are considered essential, you won't get out immediately no matter how high your score.

Repair of Cherbourg

Much of the equipment being used in repairing the port of Cherbourg is captured German material and machinery. The huge quay face that the Nazis demolished was relined with square blocks made from concrete the Germans had stored for building rocket launchers, and it was filled in again with broken-up concrete tank obstacles, all hauled to the port in captured German trucks. Almost every Engineer regiment in the area has at least three captured steam shovels, a crane or two and a fleet of German trucks. *Teller* mines are being used to blast away sections of the sea wall for Allied truck traffic. Roads are being built with rocket-base concrete poured in portable lumber forms left by the Nazis. Other valuable equipment left by the Germans includes piling, camouflage nets, pipes and valves for the water system and petroleum installations, railroad ties and rails, steel cable, a huge electric generator and vast quantities of paper and envelopes to make the boys in headquarters happy.

Negro Strength

There were 698,911 Negroes in the Army at the end of June and 361,456 of them were serving overseas. A breakdown of the total Negro strength of the Army showed the Infantry with 44,869, Coast and Field Artillery 38,517, Cavalry 1,473, Engineers 128,789, Air Corps 79,027 and all other branches 406,236. There are 5,957 Negro officers, including 102 dental officers, 213 nurses, 508 Medical Corps officers and 239 chaplains.

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MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 East 42d St., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

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Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Brazil: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

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Iceland: Cpl. John Moran, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

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A Nice Thing To Argue About

EVER since YANK ran a cover picture of Wac Pvt. Grace Glocke last June, its picture editor has been receiving photos of other Wacs, usually accompanied by a letter as follows:

"We admit Grace is a pretty girl, but she can't begin to compare with —— ——. If you don't print her picture, you're a big dope."

Now, we never said that Grace was the prettiest of all Wacs. We just thought she'd look nice on the cover. But nobody ever called YANK's picture editor a big dope without getting his or her picture printed, so here are photographs of five of the best sent us, together with the picture of Pvt. Glocke that ran on our cover.

Now you argue about it.

← This is Wac Pvt. Grace Glocke of Army Air Base, Rapid City, S. Dak., who started the fuss when she appeared on YANK's cover.

From Boca Raton Army Air Field, Fla., comes this picture of another Air Wac, Pvt. Doris Stewart.

Pvt. Mary Ballew hails from Pecos Army Air Field down Texas way. This photograph was taken back in those carefree days before the scarf with summer blouse was declared "out of uniform."

Pfc. Dorothy LeRoy used to be a New York model. Now she serves at Walter Reed General Hospital.

Pvt. Lucille Berman of Love Field, Tex., was winner in a contest for the typical Wac of ATC.

The Kansas Recruiting Office of the WAC goes all out for blue-eyed brunette Cpl. Rosellen Truitt.

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CAMP NEWS

Top Kick Hits Jackpot

Fort McClellan, Ala.—1st Sgt. Osker I. Runyans of Company C, 20th Battalion, stepped up to his CO recently, saluted and drew $655 in pay.

The plutocrat is a veteran of two wars, has had 30 years in the service and holds the Purple Heart. The most money he ever picked up at one time previously was in the last war when he collected $198 in Plidt, Germany, as a pfc after missing the pay roll for six months.

For any doubting Thomases who want to know how Sgt. Runyan's pay came to $655, here is the break-down: Base pay of $138 a month; add 45 percent, or $62, longevity pay; multiply by three for the three months the sergeant was on a pre-retirement furlough; add $115 allowance for quarters and $60 more for rations. That makes $775. Subtract $120 for his wife's allotment and then start envying him. —Pvt. JOHN L. PICKERING

GI Henry Aldrich

Buckley Field, Colo.—Life for Pvt. Henry Aldrich, 24, of Canton, Ill., is just a living hell. He can't do a thing without someone yelling, "Coming, mother!" as if that were an original crack. Occasionally somebody says, "Coming, sergeant!" but mostly it's the saying made familiar by the radio character of the same name.

Pvt. Aldrich claims he is really the original Henry Aldrich, since he is the fourth Henry in his family. "To top it off," he says, "my wife thought it would be nice to have a son named Henry Aldrich the Fifth. Now the poor kid is going to go through life taking the same sort of things I have had to put up with.

"I've often thought of going up to that studio where that 'Coming, mother' guy broadcasts, just to let him know what he's done to me, but I've just never had the chance."

A CORPORAL WHO'S A DEAR

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Newcomers to Casual Detachment M, ASFTC Unit Command, were shocked at the sentimentality displayed by the top kick of that outfit at a formation last week. Reading a list of promotions, he said, ". . . and Dear Toulouza is raised from pfc to T-5. . . ."

But the top kick wasn't getting sentimental. Toulouza's first name really is Dear.

Monetary Expert

MacDill Field, Fla.—Cpl. Charles F. Frantz of the 4th Radio Squadron is the man on this field to see about making money. Two years before being "selected," Frantz went to work for the world's largest coin-manufacturing plant, the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia, Pa. His first job was operating a counting and bagging machine that handled coins of any denomination at terrific speed—2,600 pennies a minute, for example.

Cpl. Frantz confirms a well-known rumor that the public was never happy over the steel penny because it doesn't function in most vending machines and looks too much like a dime. About 700 million of them were turned out in 10 months and will stay in circulation until they wear smooth or disappear. It had been estimated that the zinc-coated steel penny would save the nation at least 4,600 tons of copper per year. The Government now has resumed production of copper pennies, and much of the alloy used comes from copper shell cases salvaged on the battlefields. Frantz says that's why the Army insists on "policing up" shell jackets on rifle ranges.

Frantz also clears up the idea that Indianhead pennies rate a premium; he says they are worth exactly one-hundredth of a dollar even though none of them have been made for a quarter of a century. —Sgt. FRED ORR

HONEYMOON SPECIAL

Camp Ellis, Ill.—Honeymoon trips are by tradition made in twosomes. But there's a transportation problem here. So when Cpl. Maryrose Miller of Detroit and Cpl. John Simpson of Jonesboro, N. C., were married here on Sunday, four of the groom's wedding attendants hinted that they had a pass if only they could get transportation. Horrifying the MPs at the main gate, the Simpson honeymoon car was checked out carrying six.

General Orders for Chow

Salina Air Field, Kans.—A little parody on the 11 general orders for guard duty came to light recently at the Smoky Hill Army Air Field. It is felt that the originator of this parody was a soldier who believed that eating was an art, and he was a firm believer in art.

General orders, Smoky Hill style:

1. To take charge of all spuds and gravy in sight.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray steak that might come within sight, smell or hearing.
3. To report any bread sliced too thin to the mess sergeant.
4. To report all calls for coffee more distant from its position than my own.
5. To quit my table only when there is nothing left to eat.
6. To receive, but not pass on to the next man, all meat, cabbage and beans left by the KPs or table waiters.
7. To talk to no one if he eats onions.
8. In case of fire in the mess hall to grab all meat left by the others in their escape.
9. To call the mess sergeant in any case not covered by my instructions and to allow no one to steal anything in the line of food.
10. To salute all chicken, beefsteak, pork chops, ham and eggs, and veal.
11. To be especially watchful at the table and during the time for eating, challenge anyone who eats more pie and ice cream than I do.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Lejeune, N. C.—Marines are not the only amphibians banked on the New River. Two-thousand diamond-back baby terrapins are making the river their home. They were put there to propagate the terrapin in this area.

Camp Ellis, Ill.—An idea submitted to this camp's Suggestion Board to reduce AWOL totals earned Pfc. Richard A. Middleton of Headquarters Company, Pre-Activation Training Group, a special commendation from the camp CO. Middleton's suggestion was that pass and furlough lists be posted on company bulletin boards to spike favoritism charges and that soldiers be oriented on company administration to show how KP and guard duty are handed out impartially.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—1st Sgt. Louis Martinez, Headquarters Detachment, SCU, was quite proud of the new set of fatigues he had browbeaten his supply sergeant into giving him, but none of his barracksmates said anything. It wasn't until the zebra started for the mess hall and several GIs were impolite enough to whistle at him that he realized his new fatigues were the latest WAC issue.

Camp McCoy, Wis.—Sgt. William Norton, now on the staff of the camp newspaper, the *Real McCoy*, made a trip into the Formosan Mountains while he was attending Lingnan University at Canton, China, in 1936 as an American Exchange student. Recently he capitalized on the trip by selling an article to the *American Weekly* about a tribe of head-hunting aborigines on the Island of Formosa who for 50 years have successfully defied the efforts of the Japanese to conquer them.

Fort Benning, Ga.—Pvt. Edward Ferreria, Company M of the 3d Infantry School, wants time off: he has a letter to read. It's nine feet long and is from a friend, Joseph P. Lopez, textile foreman in Fall River, Mass., Ferreria's home town.

Tyndall Field, Fla.—GIs stationed in Algiers have to keep their barracks bags well guarded or the native Arabs will borrow them, cut two holes in the lower corners and use them for pants, according to S/Sgt. William L. Park, formerly stationed at this field. Writing a friend, Park says: "It's embarrassing to find an Arab walking around with your name and serial number prominently displayed."

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—Soldiers careless in probing for mines and booby traps during the 275th Engineer Battalion's training problems have found their names on white crosses, arranged in neat rows in a post "graveyard." On the training course, minor explosives or firecrackers are set off when a man stumbles over trip wires in mine fields or fails to notice a second mine while deactivating a first.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—The daily police-up detail at the 454th Quartermaster Laundry here is going to the dogs. When the sergeant blows his whistle and tells the GIs to police up everything, the lazy soldiers call their pet dog Yakima, who cleans up all the debris in sight.

GI Pro Finds That Fijians Are Good Golfers

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Gulliver encountered some weird situations in his travels, but he never played golf with Fiji Island bushmen wearing grass skirts as S/Sgt. Johnny Moran did.

Although Moran, a pro, put aside his golf bag for a barracks bag when he joined the Army in 1942, he played 18-hole exhibitions in Australia and New Zealand. "Then when my outfit moved from New Zealand to the Fijis," he says, "I expected to leave civilization behind. Instead I found grass-skirted natives who were very much at home on a golf course. It seemed strange to see the bushmen, who were probably descendants of head-hunters of a generation ago, shouting their equivalent of 'fore,' driving with a No. 2 iron and chipping out of a sand trap with a niblick."

Golfing, according to Moran, is an all-day proposition with the Fijians and isn't confined to the wealthier classes. "These natives," he says, "work a few hours in the early morning and in the evening as stevedores, loading and unloading British and American cargo boats. Between working hours, however, they spend every minute on the links until it becomes too dark to play. They love the game. They can drive the ball terrific distances, and they think nothing of playing 72 holes of golf in one day and carrying their own bags."

Moran played with the natives frequently, but 18 holes a day was more than he could stand under the heat of the tropical sun. The Islanders, though powerful drivers, were weak on the short game. During the time he was there Moran became a sort of golf ambassador to the natives by helping them improve their grip, swing and stance.

Moran learned the game as a caddy at the North Shore Country Club at Glen View, Ill. His first job as a professional was at the Fox Valley Country Club near Chicago after he showed his mastery of the game by copping three junior trophies in as many Illinois amateur tournaments. Since turning pro in 1930 he has played in more than 150 open competitions and won money in national tournaments at Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami and St. Paul.

Returning from overseas, Moran was assigned to the 3129th Signal Service Company here. During his off duty hours he keeps up his mastery of golf by practicing and playing at the Neosho Country Club and the Schifferdecker Golf Course near here. —Cpl. LEO KLEMPNER

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What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD back home

Invasion of Mae West's Dressing Room

BOB SCHWARTZ Y2c, YANK's sailor, and I arrived a little early at the theater for our date with Mae West. We had to wait 10 minutes in a backstage passage before the great lady, who is playing the Empress of All the Russias in a tailored turkey called "Catherine Was Great," could see us.

Mr. Rosen, Miss West's manager, came out to tell us she would be ready in a minute. A little blond girl who had already changed her costume hit Mr. Rosen for five dollars. "This is a very expensive place for me to stand," said Mr. Rosen.

Everyone stared at Schwartz's uniform and at my uniform; they were both so drab next to those of the stage Russians who were passing by in the narrow passage.

After we'd waited some more, Mr. Rosen finally showed us into her dressing room. Directly in front of the door was a washstand with a friendly but empty Piel's beer bottle under it. To the right was Miss West in a flowing robe

Scepter, crown and all the trimmin's turn Diamond Lil into Catherine, Empress of All the Russias.

and a headdress trimmed with gold sequins, with red-rimmed spectacles in her left hand and a diamond ring on her right-hand third finger. The ring was composed of six or four ice cubes. It was large and heavy enough to fell a kulak or a prime minister at one blow. We could see that "Catherine Was Great" indeed.

Unhappily to report, we couldn't see much more. Miss West's famous frontpiece was in evidence but chastely shielded. She kept switching the skirts of her dressing table over her lap as if she were ashamed of her legs. The sailor and I asked her odds and ends of questions, and she answered them in a very good humor.

"I created this Di'mond Lil character so well," she said, chewing vigorously on her gum and slurring her speech in the manner that has made her famous, "that I was gettin' so I was typed. That's why I figgered on doin' somethin' in a little different line. I bet you boys really thought I was that kinda woman—Di'mond Lil like—di'n't you? Bet you thought when you came in I'd just throw it at you?" She laughed a little, and then we laughed a little at the very thought of anyone having such a ridiculous impression.

"First idea I had, a long time back, before I went to Hollywood, was doin' a play on the Queena Sheba. When I got around to it, I figgered that it was maybe too Biblical—might make trouble. So I took a look at history just to see what other queens there was around. That's how I found Catherine.

"Wunnerful character, Catherine. Great woman. She had a real bad streak in her a little like my Di'mond Lil. But mighty smart.

"Know why she was so smart?" Miss West snapped this one out like a school teacher. We stammered "No."

"Smart because she had so many lovers." Miss West said triumphantly. "Mostly a woman just has one man. She gets to know everything he knows, but that's not much. Now my Catherine, she had 300 lovers. Started out when she was 11 years old. That's a lotta men, and she got inside their minds, too.

"These pillow conversations," Miss West purred. "You learn a lotta stuff that way."

The sailor asked her how she felt about the criticisms of her show; it had been panned unanimously by the first-night wolf pack, but it was still playing to full houses with standees.

"I never read 'em," said Miss West. "I'm constructive kinda person. Don't believe in readin' destructive kinda trash. The way I figger is those critics came up against a play that was so fine, so sincere, so puhfick they knew there wasn't anything they could write in praise would add to it. So they went off and panned it. See what I mean? That's kinda people critics are."

Mr. Rosen popped his head in the door and reminded her that there was a rehearsal of a tricky part of the last act coming up. Mae shooed him away. "They still got all that stuff before I come on to rehearse," she said. "After I come on it goes smooth anyway."

"Do you have many servicemen in your audiences, Miss West?" I asked. "Do GIs write you fan letters? What do they write about?"

"Always servicemen," Miss West said, "and thousands of letters from servicemen. You know what they write about? You know what they want to know?"

As I shook my head she daintily removed the gum she had been working on throughout the interview.

"They wanta know if I wear padding," said Miss West. "Hah!" and she patted herself delicately about the prow.

Mr. Rosen popped his head in again, more urgent. Yeoman Schwartz and I rose to leave.

"Come back any time," Miss West said. "Here, I'll give you a pictcha. When they took this we di'n't have a throne or anything on the stage so the bottom part isn't so hot. I'll give you this half." She tore the lower section off a large glossy print and gave it to us. "That's what I look like," she said.

We went out into the alley past the autograph seekers clutching our scrap reverently.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

HER father, William Davenport, had an aversion to ordinary given names, so he called her Burnu Acquanetta—which is carrying an aversion pretty far. She was born in Cheyenne, Wyo., July 17, 1920, and ever since has followed through with the Latin motif. She stands 5' 6", weighs 125 pounds, has brown eyes and black hair. Her new picture for Universal is "Jungle Woman."

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BACK AGAIN. Bernice Park, New York and Hollywood night-club singer, has recovered from pneumonia and is in the spotlight once more.

BAND BEAT

Louis Prima, who concludes his tour of the South with a stand at the St. Charles Theater in New Orleans, is plugging his new tune, "Angelina," the lyrics of which eulogize every dish in an Italian meal. . . . Gene Krupa and his band, after a long stay in New York at the Capitol, move into Chicago's Hotel Sherman for an eight-week stay early in October. . . . Benny Goodman, who disbanded his unit after an argument with his booking agency, Music Corporation of America, may make his long postponed trek overseas for the USO. If he does he will front a five-piece combination. . . . Duke Ellington's "Black and Tan Fantasy," originally recorded 18 years ago, is enjoying a revival and Victor is repressing it to meet the demands of the platter fans. . . . Artie Shaw, rumored to be taking acting lessons prior to making a film for 20th Century-Fox, is rehearsing a 17-piece band he will take to New York soon. . . . Hal McIntyre and his band, who went to the coast to make a picture, were paid off without appearing before the cameras after it developed that the script did not lend itself to the inclusion of an orchestra.

HOLLYWOOD

Carmen Miranda still has trouble with her lines. In "Something for the Boys" the script called for her to say, "Oh, are you the secretary? I shake your hand. Please announce me. I am Chicquita Hart from Terre Haute, Indiana." But she made it, "Oh, you are the sexlesstary? I shook your hand. Please pronounce me. I am Chicquita Hart from Terra Hots, Indian Anna." . . . Spencer Tracy plays the part of an anti-Nazi who escapes from a German concentration camp and tries to make his way to safety in his next picture, "The Seventh Cross." . . . Bruce Cabot, recently honorably discharged from the Army after serving in Africa and Italy, returns to the screen as a race-track bookmaker in Paramount's "Salty O'Rourke." . . . War photographers Bob Capa of *Life* and Frankie Filan of the *Associated Press* have been offered a chance to play themselves in the Ernie Pyle film, "G.I. Joe." . . . William Pine and William Thomas, being of the opinion that the popularity of war combat pictures is temporarily over, have canceled plans for "Homesick Angel," the story of a bomber and its crew. . . . Michael O'Shea plays opposite Sonja Henie in International Pictures' "It's a Pleasure," the story of a pro hockey player who joins a traveling ice show when he is ruled out of the game he loves.

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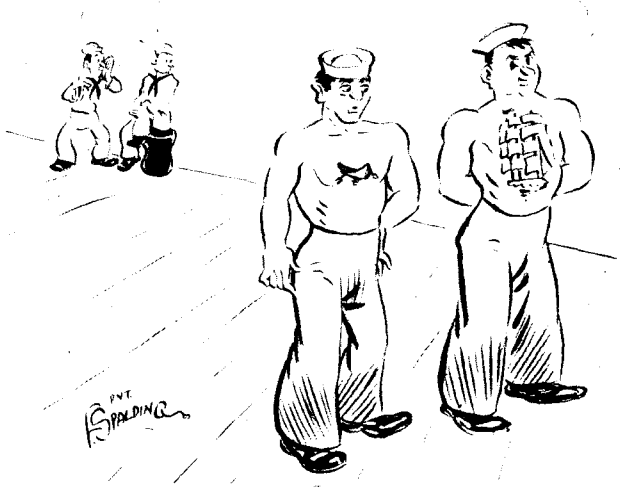


"Allan there is a good man but he could certainly use a little self-confidence."

—Pvt. Frank Spalding, Camp Crowder, Mo.

The GI Exposed

THROUGH an exhausting series of surveys, conducted by H. Trotter Gallop and his Galloping Poll Cats, the typical GI has been isolated like a psychoneurosis germ and held high for all the world to see.

He is described as being 4 feet 21 inches tall in his flowered blue trunks, weighing 12 stones, 3 pebbles in his stocking feet (without galoshes). He is rough and ruddy, well biceped, rarely blushes, has four teeth missing from his pocket comb and when last seen was wearing cuffless trousers. Can be recognized by OD shirt and bottle, open at the neck.

The five things he likes best, in order of preference, are: girls, girls, girls, girls and beer. He misses most: *a)* sleep, *b)* Mom's cooking and *c)* the target on the rifle range.

He has one and one-quarter stripes, one-third wife and one quarter. He uses profanity only when speaking and drinks in moderation or in taverns. He dislikes: *a)* duties, *b)* Swiss chard, *c)* Japs and/or Nazis and *d)* ARs.

The survey group, which left no stone unturned in uncovering data (data and fauna are said to breed under stones this time of year), has even brought forth the living, breathing Typical GI—one Pfc. Horace Hangnail. Horace was deeply chagrined in that this signal honor was not accompanied by a prize and said as much, or more.

"When I was selected the Typical Pin-Up Boy at the Hollywood Bowl and Billiard Alleys," he complained bitterly, "I was awarded a rhinestone coupling for my zoot-suit dog chain. It's worn out now," he added hopefully, "and they're not rationed, you know."

Obviously he couldn't use another, with his ODs, so he was more appropriately presented with a small, jewel-encrusted file, since he happened to be in the guardhouse that day for a minor infracture of the first sergeant's skull.

Results of the survey, in a thimble (nutshells are unavailable since they began using them as helmets for midgets), are:

Ninety-four percent of all GIs like girls in some form or another, with shapely blondes apparently preferred. Twelve percent enjoy doing KP, but this finding has little value except as a gauge of honesty. Thirty-seven percent agree with Sherman's immortal expression *"Veni, vidi, vici."* One hundred and one percent would rather be stationed somewhere else. (This figure includes one officer who insisted on being counted.)

In order to determine the favorite Army food, the question "You like Spam best, don't you?" was asked the men. Surprisingly enough, a number of negative replies resulted (1,634 out of 1,635). This amazed a group of Army dieticians, but this august body, like "September Morn," bared the figure to the public.

In the favorite-foods line-up, chickens were picked first, celery stalked in third. Nor was stew to be kept down; it came up fourth. No seconds, please.

One prodigious eater, who had a number of hash marks on his blouse front, as well as numerous soup stains, complained of an excess of potatoes in Army diet.

"In the good old days," he recalled wistfully, "peeling pertaters was used as company punishment, so we et spuds till our eyes sprouted. But we got motorized peelers now, so I say lay off the pertaters. The carbohydrates sticks in me teeth."

The survey group is expected to sally forth again soon to replenish their depleted store of statistics. They're busy at present, however. They're being surveyed.

The foregoing does not constitute an endorsement of rubber checks, Spam, carbohydrates or data and fauna, since the Army does not endorse anything except correspondence.

Fort Robinson, Nebr. —Pvt. EDWARD BAYER

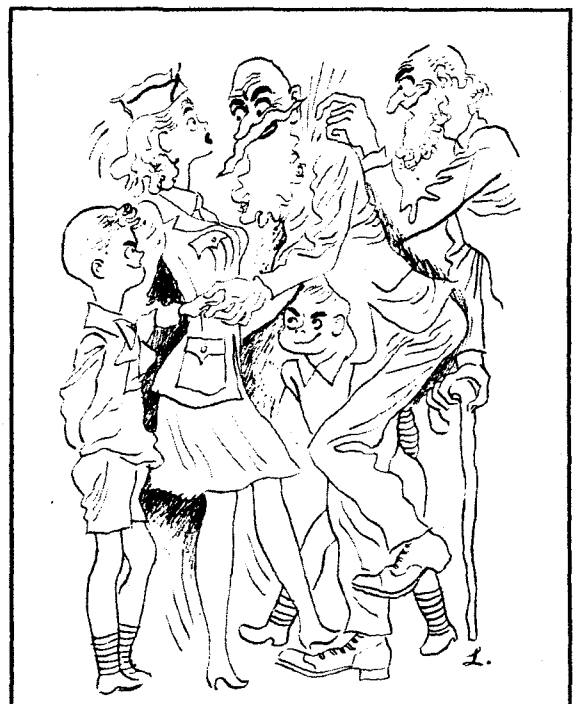
MOONLIGHT AT CAMP

I cannot sleep, and through the barracks door
I watch the moon with its dim, shining rays,
Bathing the camp in misty light, as o'er
Our heads in simple majesty it plays
At making mystic daylight while it may.
Moonlight at camp, and home so far away.

In many other camps tonight throughout
The world, this moon is shining silently
Upon the many thousands who, without
A thought of self, are serving patiently;
Though in their dreams they wistfully may say:
"Moonlight at camp, and home so far away."

The same moon shines upon our homes tonight,
Where loved ones wait for millions to return;
And when this saddened world is set aright,
When it has bled the lesson it must learn,
Then we shall see the end for which we pray—
Moonlight at home. We shall be home some day.

Camp Blanding, Fla. —Cpl. WILLIAM P. DUGGAN



HOST WANTED

THE ladies of the U.S.A.
Have rallied round and found a way
To keep the soldier entertained
While for the wars he's being trained.
They shake his hand and pour his tea
And listen to his history.
They feed him cake and mend his pants,
Provide fair maids with whom to dance;
They see there's nothing he shall lack.
But what about the lonesome Wac?

Is there a man, do you suppose,
Who cares to listen to my woes?
Who'd waltz or jitter gallantly
Or sit and talk about just me?
Who'd take the time, when day is done,
To show a Wac a little fun?
Remember (though I fear the worst),
If such there be, I saw him first!

Men of America, arise!
Your duty clear before you lies.
Your wives and daughters, sisters, aunts
Aren't overlooking any chance
To do their good turn, be a pal,
And raise the fighting man's morale.
He will recall, when he departs,
Their gracious ways and friendly hearts.
They'll cherish him when he gets back.
But what about the lonesome Wac?

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

"He's sending it home to his wife. She doesn't believe he's in the Army."

—Cpl. Robert Bugg, Moody Field, Ga.

The Venerable Stinker

WHEN Bill Owen arrived at his first camp for basic training, his two most prized possessions were his wristwatch and his typewriter.

He wanted the wristwatch because of an impelling urge to note and record the exact hour and minute he was released from service (whenever that might be) and to compute the length of time his life had been sidetracked in the interests of international salvation. He needed the typewriter so he would not dull what he considered to be his writing edge by idleness. In addition to the beautiful, witty and chaste prose he intended to turn out during his stay as a house guest of the U. S. Government, he also intended to go over some of his pre-induction work and hammer it into selling shape.

The first move, in order to establish himself among his fellows, was obviously to let The Army Weekly, YANK, publish one or more of his pieces.

When the first of his stories came back from YANK with a rejection slip attached, Bill dismissed the matter as a bit of sloppy copy reading, an oversight on the part of the editors. But when the second and third Owens opus wended their way back to Bill's barracks like a flock of disgusting homing pigeons, he began to burn. This was no mistake. He now realized that the editors of YANK were rejecting his material.

Each week he read the magazine, trying to guess which of the articles had displaced his own. And he never could. For to Bill, the fiction in YANK bore a strong, penetrating odor. He would go from cot to cot in the barracks, displaying YANK and violently pointing to this or that article, calling upon heaven and his friends to witness the tripe its editors had released this week, while his own efforts had been given the usual shoddy treatment.

The humorous rejection slips from the Army magazine which began to pile up in his foot locker helped his disposition not one whit. He could see nothing funny about having his stuff turned down. If W. C. Fields himself had phoned the sad news, giving it in his own, as they say, inimitable way, it is doubtful if Bill would have appreciated it.

At last, in vengeful desperation, Bill selected from the old manuscripts he intended to rewrite a venerable stinker from his sophomore English class. This, he thought ironically, might do it. It would give the boys in the New York office something to reject; it would give them some idea of what he thought of their sheet; it would be a studied literary insult, a paragraphed kick in the teeth.

But when the next issue of YANK hit Bill's camp, the boys found neither the snarling criticism of yore nor the wicked grin of satisfaction one would expect from a guy who had just given an old tormenter a hot foot. Instead they found a frantic young man hammering his typewriter with the heel of his GI shoe, keys flying out of the stricken machine like sparks. On the floor beside him was a copy of YANK opened to an article entitled "A Day in the Country" by one Pvt. William Owen.

"They published that stinker," he yelled. "The dumb bastards published the essay that almost had me laughed out of school!" And he continued to demolish the keyboard.

USMA, West Point, N. Y. —Pfc. JOHN E. FOGARTY

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SPORTS: TAKE YOUR PICK: OHIO STATE, PURDUE, MICHIGAN OR IRISH

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THIS WEEK, gentlemen, we move to the Mid-West for a brisk scrimmage with the Big Ten football coaches, and I strongly suspect we have come to the right place to find this year's national championship football team.

How about it, Col. Alvin Nugent McMillin? You wouldn't be concealing a national champion at Indiana, would you?

"You've got the right conference, but the wrong coach. I've always wanted to coach a high-school team and this year I'm getting my wish. All of my boys will be 17-year-olds with the exception of John Tavener, our captain and center last year. If you're looking for a champion, Purdue looks as good as anybody to me. We're not playing Purdue at Lafayette this year; we're playing the Navy and Marines."

Mr. Cecil Isbell, isn't it gratifying to hear that Purdue will be the national champion this year?

"If there's one thing that annoys a coach more than another, it's hearing that his team is the best in the nation, and Col. McMillin knows it. Last year this time the colonel was crying about Indiana and boosting everybody else, and then he turned right around and almost beat the daylights out of all of us. We're in pretty good shape at Purdue with 13 returning lettermen, including Boris Dimancheff, one of the country's leading ground-gainers; Frank Bauman, a good defensive end and a terrific kicker, and Stanley Dubicki, a place-kicking halfback. I'll tell Col. McMillin one thing: if Purdue is as tough as its schedule, it will be a great season."

Maybe Mr. Ray Eliot, the Illinois coach, can tell us what he's doing with those starting blocks.

"I was just trying to figure how Buddy Young, our sprint champion, could use them when he plays in the backfield. If nothing else, we're going to have a fast backfield at Illinois this year. Besides Young, we have Don Greenwood, a former Missouri player, at quarterback; Eddie Bray at left halfback; and Jerry Cies, a freshman, at fullback. Personally, gentlemen, I think Ohio State will surprise everybody this season."

Thank you, Mr. Eliot. We had a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Carroll Widdoes was loaded at Ohio State when we heard that he was up a tree as to where to play Leslie Horvath, star of the 1942 championship team. How about it, Mr. Widdoes? Does Horvath play or not?

"Well, he does if he can beat out Tom Keane at quarterback, Dick Flanagan and Bob Brugge at halfback and Ollie Cline at fullback. Our main hold-overs are in the line where we have Jack Dugger, end; Bill Willis and Russ Thomas, tackles; Bill Hackett, guard, and Gordon Appleby. I'm not going overboard with any predictions, but this should be a good Ohio State team."

Offhand, Dr. George Hauser, wouldn't you say it's been a long time between championships at Minnesota?

"Too long, gentlemen. We are not accustomed to these two-year droughts at Minnesota. Naturally, I can't promise you we will win the championship, but there will be no such discrepancy between Minnesota and its opponents as there was last year. We have 13 lettermen on hand. Three fine backs in Red Williams, Tom Cates and Gene Delaney. And experienced linemen in Bob Reinhardt and Bill Aldworth, tackles and Bob Lossie, a center."

It's good to hear a man talk with such confidence, Dr. Hauser. Mr. Lynn Waldorf, you look like the saddest man in the Mid-West. What's worrying you?

"Any time Dr. Hauser talks like that we can all start to worry. It looks like a long hard winter for Northwestern. We've got the smallest squad in the conference and not a single regular back from last year's team. But we may have a fair sort of team if we can keep a couple of our Navy trainees, William Brophy and William Roper. By the way, gentlemen, I'm surprised that none of you have mentioned Michigan for the Big Ten championship. Counting Mr. Fritz Crisler out is a dangerous habit."

All right, Mr. Crisler, break it to us gently.

"We'll rig up a better-than-fair team, but we have a long, long way to go before we can win the Big Ten championship again. Our backfield will have three lettermen and a freshman. In addition to Capt. Bob Wiese, there is Joe Ponsetto at quarterback, Bob Nussbaumer at left half and either Ralph Chubb or Warren Bentz at right half. In the line Clem Bauman at tackle, Bill Renner at end and Harold Watts at center are veterans from last season and vastly improved. Dick Rifenberg, 190-pound freshman end, looks like another possible starter."

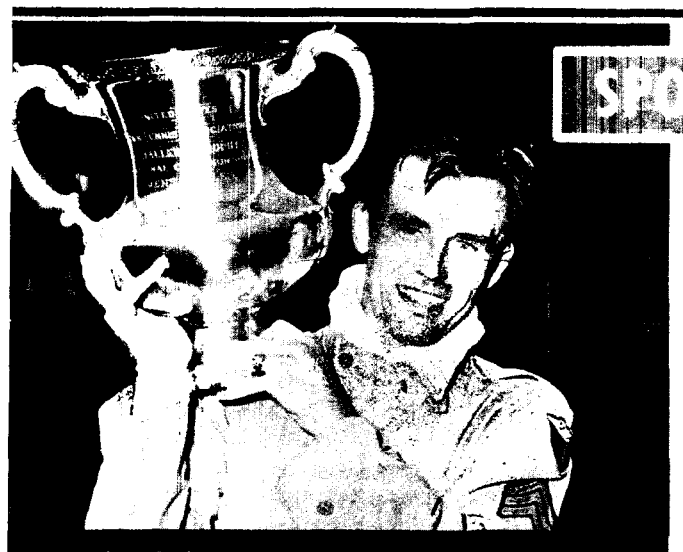
Mr. Ed McKeever, we understand that you have not only taken over Lt. Frank Leahy's squad but his script, too. Tell us all about those games Notre Dame can't possibly win.

"There is little doubt in my mind but that we will meet four teams with far superior material, but the other six games will be toss-ups. We are booked to play Pittsburgh, Tulane, Dartmouth, Wisconsin, Illinois, Navy, Army, Northwestern, Georgia Tech and Great Lakes. How's that for a raw-meat diet? Bob Kelly will be with us for five games and should be our outstanding back. George Sullivan, a substitute tackle last year, will undoubtedly be our best lineman. We lost a great quarterback when Navy transferred Johnny Lujack, but keep an eye on Joe Gasparella, 17-year-old freshman. He's rather large for the position, being 6 foot 4 and weighing 205 pounds, but I think he will make it. Pat Filley, our captain last year, is back after being discharged from the Marines because of bad knees. He had both cartilages taken out, and may be ready. In my book, Army and Navy will play for national championship. Notre Dame hasn't got a chance."

That will do, Mr. McKeever. We heard the same story from Lt. Leahy last year.

Next week, gentlemen, the Far West.

Below: Pat Filley and Bob Kelly, who may lead Notre Dame to another national championship.



FIRST GI CHAMP. Sgt. Frank Parker grins happily after winning the National Singles tennis championship at Forest Hills, N. Y. He was the first Army enlisted man ever to win the big trophy.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

WHEN Paris was liberated, **Georges Carpentier,** the 50-year-old ex-French champ who, after France fell, was photographed with his arm around **Max Schmeling,** told GIs: "I could have made millions if I'd wanted to work with the Germans, but I'd rather be the way I am—broke." He could have said "alive." . . . Just before **Sgt. Frank Parker** beat **Billy Talbert** for the National Singles championship he received a wire from **Gen. Hoyle,** his CO at Muroc Field, Calif., wishing him "a successful conclusion of your tour of duty." . . . **Lt. Don McNeill,** who lost to Parker in the semifinals, has been assigned to an aircraft carrier as an intelligence officer. . . . **S/Sgt. Max Baer** has turned up at the Fort Logan (Colo.) hospital for treatment for a back injury. . . . **Pvt. Roy Weatherly,** former Yankee and Cleveland outfielder, is taking jump training at the Fort Benning Parachute School. . . . During a recent Hawaiian League game, **Barney McCosky Sp(A)1c** and **CPO Hugh Casey** traded punches because McCosky thought Casey was dusting him off.

Killed in action: **Lt. Bill Nowling,** fullback on three Tennessee bowl teams (1940-41-42) in France. . . . *Missing in action:* **F/O Phil Marchildon,** former Philadelphia Athletics pitcher, after an RCAF operation overseas. . . . *Promoted:* **Capt. Hank Greenberg,** slugging Detroit outfielder, to major in the XX Bomber Command, China; **Lt. Benny Leonard,** one-time lightweight champion, to lieutenant commander in the Merchant Marine at Hoffman Island, N. Y. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Ike Williams,** promising lightweight contender, by the Army; **Mickey Owen,** best Dodger catcher, by the Navy; **Bobby Doerr,** Red Sox third baseman, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Jesse Flores,** Philadelphia Athletics pitcher, because of a head injury.

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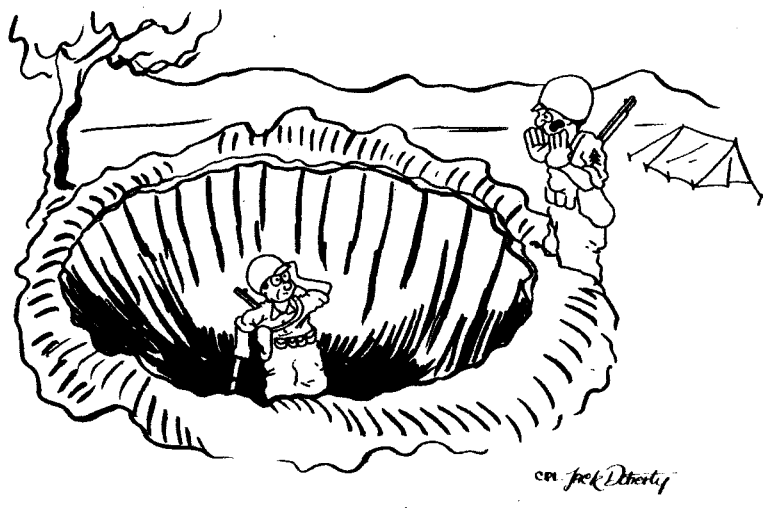
"THE WATER HOT?"
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery



"I SAID HAVEN'T YOU EVER DUG A STRADDLE TRENCH BEFORE?"
—Cpl. Jack Doherty

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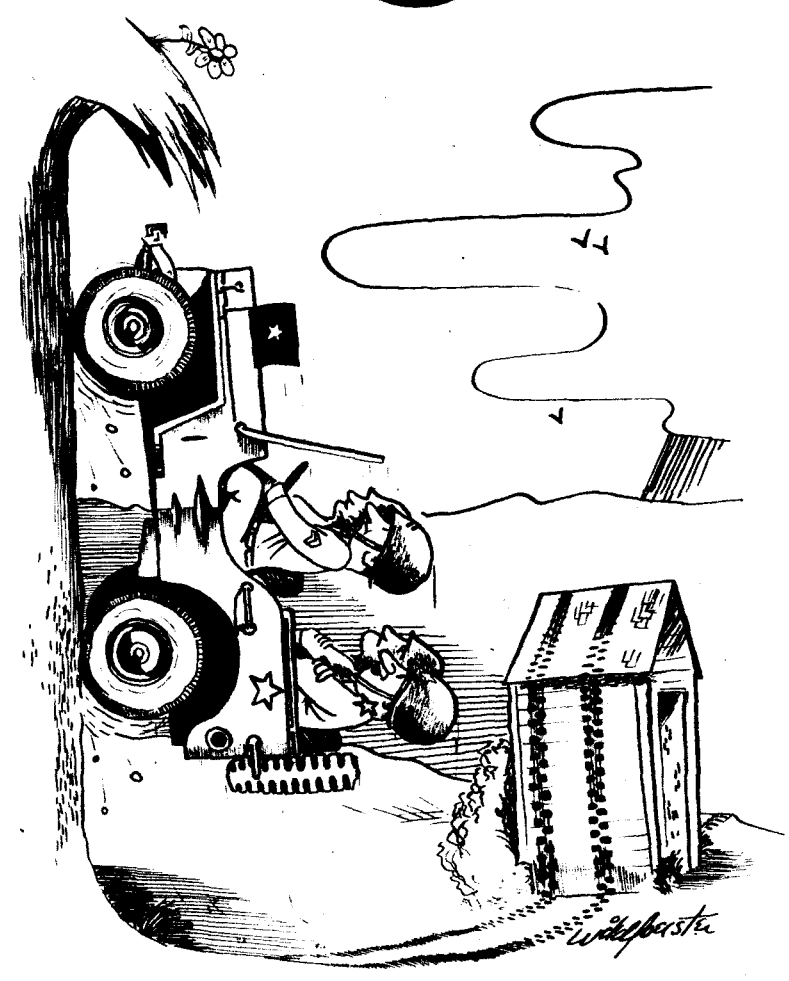

"BETTER TAKE IT SLOW UP THIS GRADE, CORPORAL."
—Pvt. Frederick Wildfoerster

"OBJECTIVELY SPEAKING, THE POST-WAR PERIOD HOLDS NO TERRORS FOR ME. I CAN ALWAYS GO BACK TO MY PERMANENT RANK OF PFC IN THE REGULAR ARMY."
—Pvt. Willard G. Levitas

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